



No. 65

The Winning Team!
BATMAN AND ROBIN



IND

The **BATMAN**

Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS 10¢

JULY

ROBIN AND I
WANT TO WELCOME YOU
BOY COMMANDOS
TO DETECTIVE COMICS!

GEE! THANKS,
BATMAN, WE'RE
GLAD TO BE IN
SUCH GOOD COMPANY!

YOU FELLOWS
ARE A SWELL
BUNCH OF
HARD-HITTING
CHARACTERS,
AND -WHEW!
- YOU HAVE
TERRIFIC
ADVENTURES!



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THE LOST CARAVAN

By Waldo Fleming

It seems impossible that a whole caravan of fifty-six camels could have disappeared in the desert.

What had become of the camels and men?

What had become of the precious freight they carried, of ivory tusks, copper ore, and gold dust?

Suspicion was thrown on the hard-fighting Tuareg tribe of Nomads who made their shifting home in that region of the great Sahara. The French authorities, coming to investigate, were met by a wall of silence, baffled and blocked by the bitter enmity and constant fighting between the wandering tribes. Murder and plunder, deceit and cunning made the desert a place of danger and difficulty against which the French seemed helpless.

To Ifali and Burzak, two Tuareg boys, and their French friend, fell the exciting adventures which led, finally, to unraveling the mystery of the lost caravan and clearing the good name of Kel-Kadigi.

This is a fine mystery story, filled with the adventure and dangers of the trackless Sahara sands.

Ask for this book at your library.

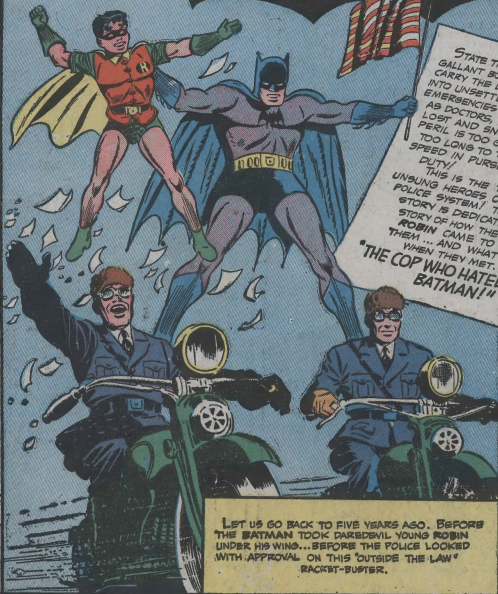
SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

KBKXE HUTJ EUA HAE HRATY ZNK GD UL
ZNK GDOY!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



STATE TROOPERS! ... THAT GALLANT BODY OF MEN WHO CARRY THE LAW WITH THEM INTO UNSETTLED COUNTRY! IN EMERGENCIES THEY CARRY MAIL, ACT AS DOCTORS, AND RESCUE THE LOST AND SNOWBOUND! NO PERIL IS TOO GREAT, NO DISTANCE TOO LONG TO TRAVEL, AS THEY SPEED IN PURSUIT OF THEIR DUTY!

THIS IS THE TALE OF THESE UNSUNG HEROES OF OUR NATION'S POLICE SYSTEM! TO THEM... THIS STORY IS DEDICATED! HERE IS THE STORY OF HOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CAME TO LIVE AMONG THEM ... AND WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THEY MET...

"THE COP WHO HATED THE BATMAN!"

SO LET US GO BACK TO A NIGHT IN THE YEAR 1937, WHEN THE POLICE WERE CLOSING IN ON TWO TRAPPED CRIMINALS...

MIKE NOLAN!
NICK ROCCO!
WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED! WILL YOU COME OUT WALKING... OR ON STRETCHERS?

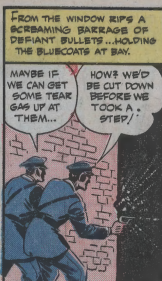
LET US GO BACK TO FIVE YEARS AGO. BEFORE THE BATMAN TOOK DAREDEVIL YOUNG ROBIN UNDER HIS WING... BEFORE THE POLICE LOOKED WITH APPROVAL ON THIS "OUTSIDE THE LAW" RACKET-BUSTER.





HERE'S MY ANSWER, YOU BLASTED COPPERS! C'MON, MIKE...USE THAT GAT...WHAT'RE YA WAITING FOR?

I...
I...!



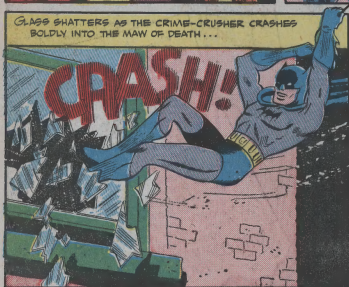
FROM THE WINDOW RIPS A SCREAMING BARRAGE OF DEFIANT BULLETS...HOLDING THE BLUECOATS AT BAY.

MAYBE IF WE CAN GET SOME TEAR GAS UP AT THEM...

HOW? WE'D BE CUT DOWN BEFORE WE TOOK A STEP!



LOOK! UP THERE! THE BATMAN!



GLASS SHATTERS AS THE CRIME-CRUSHER CRASHES BOLDLY INTO THE MAW OF DEATH...

CRASH!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS...THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND MAKE IT EASY FOR YOURSELVES!



OH...THE BATMAN. EH? OKAY...YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN THIS TIME, CHUMP!



LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

OOF!

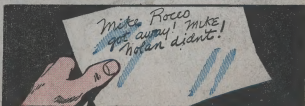
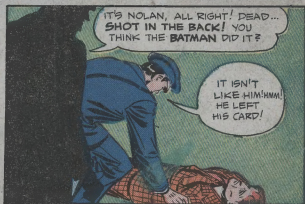
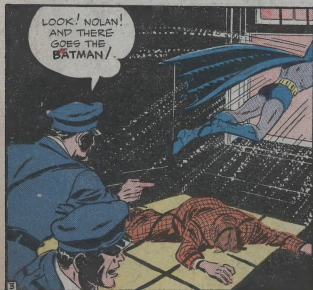
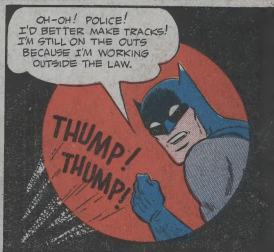


ROCCO, YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP!

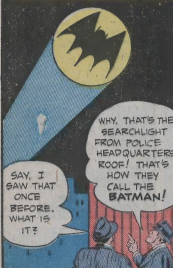
UGH



AND UP IN THE ROOM...THE BATMAN LOOKS VAINLY FOR A MURDERER!



THE TIME...TODAY! THE PLACE...
GOTHAM CITY! IT IS NIGHT,
AND SUDDENLY A GIGANTIC CONE
OF LIGHT ETCHES AN EERIE
SYMBOL AGAINST THE SKY!

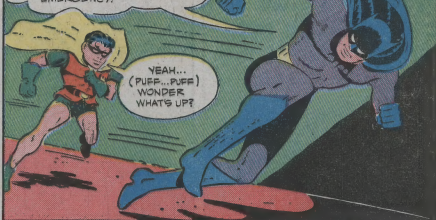


SAY, I
SAW THAT
ONCE
BEFORE.
WHAT IS
IT?

WHY, THAT'S THE
SEARCHLIGHT
FROM POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
ROOF! THAT'S
HOW THEY
CALL THE
BATMAN!

SCANT MOMENTS LATER, TWO LITHE FIGURES LOPE SWIFTLY OVER CITY STREETS—
BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER ! ! ! !

LIFT YOUR FEET, ROBIN! GORDON
NEVER CALLS US UNLESS IT'S AN
EMERGENCY!



YEAH...
(PUFF...PUFF)
WONDER
WHAT'S UP?

SOON THE
DYNAMIC DUO
BURSTS IN ON
THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER.



GORDON!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

HA! HA! TAKE
IT EASY! NO
CRIME-HUNTING
THIS TIME! I JUST
CALLED TO FIND OUT IF
YOU WANT TO GO WITH
ME ON MY VACATION!

I'M GOING TO
SPEND TWO WEEKS
UP IN ONE OF OUR
NORTHERN STATES...
AT THE BARRACKS
OF STATE
TROOPERS!



I THOUGHT YOU
AND ROBIN
WOULD FIND IT
VERY INTERESTING
TO WATCH THEIR
WORK AT FIRST
HAND.

I WOULDN'T
MIND! OKAY,
GORDON,
YOU'VE GOT
COMPANY!



GEE!
SOUNDS
SWELL TO
ME! LET'S
GO, HUH?

TWO DAYS TRAVEL BRINGS THE
TRIO TO THE SNOW-COVERED
MOUNTAIN OF A NORTHERN STATE...

IT'S SPRING AND THERE'S
STILL SNOW
UP HERE!



DON'T FORGET,
ROBIN, THIS
IS HIGH
MOUNTAIN
LAND.

LOOK!
THERE'S
THE
BARRACKS
NOW!

HELLO, CAPTAIN...
I'VE BROUGHT
ALONG A COUPLE
OF GUESTS
**BATMAN
AND ROBIN!**



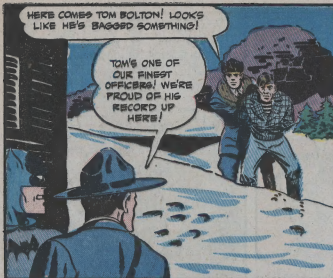
**BATMAN AND
RO...? I'M
GLAD TO MEET
YOU! WAIT
TILL MY MEN FIND
OUT ABOUT THIS!
THEY'LL MOB
YOU!**

AND THE EAGER TROOPERS
DO MOB THEIR HONORARY
FELLOW OFFICERS.

HOW ABOUT
AN AUTOGRAPH?

I'M
SHAKING
HANDS WITH
THE **BATMAN!**
BOYBOY!





HERE COMES TOM BOLTON! LOOKS LIKE HE'S BAGGED SOMETHING!

TOM'S ONE OF OUR FINEST OFFICERS! WE'RE PROUD OF HIS RECORD UP HERE!



HELLO, SIR...LOOK WHO I CAUGHT HIDING UP IN THAT OLD SHACK ON THE SOUTH TRAIL! SOAPIE JOE, THE SAFE-CRACKER!

FINE WORK, TOM! JUST FOR THAT, I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR HONORED GUEST... THE BATMAN!



GLAD TO KNOW YOU, TOM!

I'M NOT GLAD TO MEET YOU!



BUT...BUT TOM...THIS IS THE BATMAN? THE BATMAN!

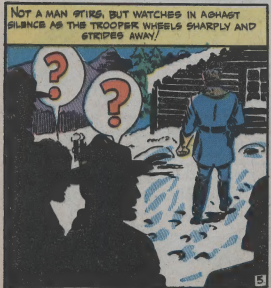
SO WHAT?... I STILL DON'T WANT TO MEET HIM! MAY I BE EXCUSED, SIR?



SAY...AFTER ALL...I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE. WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE AGAINST ME?

I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE...BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE YOU! AND TAKE YOUR HAND AWAY BEFORE I KNOCK IT OFF!

IN THOSE EYES, THE BATMAN SEES HATE...FEARING, BURNING HATE...HATE SO STRONG IT BEATS AGAINST HIM LIKE A SOLID WALL OF FLAME!



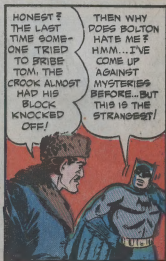
NOT A MAN STIRS, BUT WATCHES IN AGHAST SILENCE AS THE TROOPER WHEELS SHARPLY AND STRIDES AWAY!



TOM NEVER ACTED LIKE THAT BEFORE!

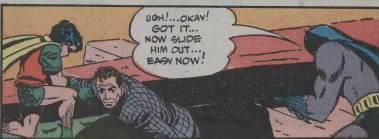
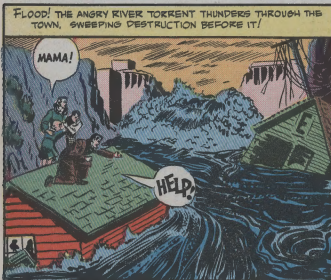
FORGET IT! IF THAT BOY HATES ME, HE MUST HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR IT! TELL ME, IS HE HONEST?

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR HIS ACTIONS... I...



HONEST? THE LAST TIME SOMEONE TRIED TO BRIBE TOM, THE CROOK ALMOST HAD HIS BLOCK KNOCKED OFF!

THEN WHY DOES BOLTON HATE ME? HMM...I'VE COME UP AGAINST MYSTERIES BEFORE...BUT THIS IS THE STRANGEST!



THEN BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SPOT THOSE HUMAN JACKALS WHO PREY ON CATASTROPHES—THE LOOTERS!



WHY, THE VERMIN! GET THAT MAN TO THE BOAT, ROBIN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE SCAVENGERS... PRONTO!



A LASSO LOOPS INTO PLACE, AND THE BATMAN'S MUSCLED FORM CANNONBALLS INTO THE LOOTERS!

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?



DESPERATION LENDS COURAGE... EVEN TO RATS... AND A MAD ONRUSH SLAMS THE BATMAN OFF-BALANCE...



BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN RECOVER, A HUGE LOG, RIDING THE WATERS, THUDS HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

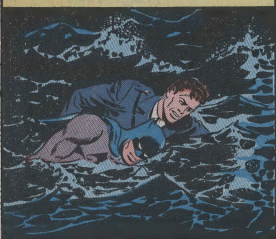


ONLY ONE PAIR OF EYES SEES ALL THIS... EYES IN WHICH DOUBT WAVERS FOR A MOMENT... AS THE BATMAN SINKS BENBATH THE WAVES!

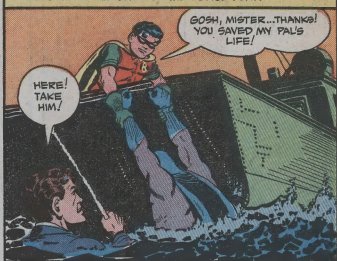
THE MAN I'VE HATED ALL THESE YEARS... PROWNING... I CAN LET HIM DIE WITH NO ONE BEING THE WISER... BUT YET... I...



ANGRY WAVES BATTER THE BRAVE TROOPER. YET, SOMEHOW, HE MANAGES TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO THE BATMAN'S SIDE...



... AND BRING HIM BACK TO THE POLICE BOAT!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE BARRACKS, THE BATMAN SEEKS OUT TOM...



C'MON, BOLTON... WHY DON'T YOU SKIP THIS HATE STUFF? LET'S SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS!

I'D RATHER SHAKE HANDS WITH A RATTLESNAKE FIRST...

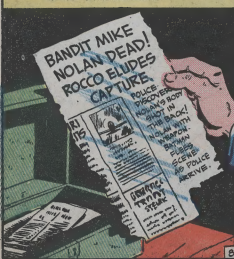


HE CAN'T TALK TO YOU THAT WAY! I'LL...

EASY ROBIN... THAT BOY'S CARRYING AROUND A LOT OF TROUBLE AND IT'S UP TO HIM TO GET RID OF IT ALL BY HIMSELF!



ALONE IN HIS ROOM... TOM DRAWS OUT A SMALL STRONGBOX...



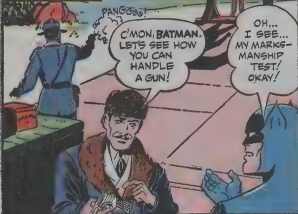
DAD! DAD! I STILL REMEMBER! I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A POLICEMAN, SO I CHANGED MY NAME... BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU'RE MY FATHER!



NOR THAT I'M MIKE NOLAN'S SON... AND THAT THE BATMAN SHOT YOU IN THE BACK!



THE NEXT DAY...
AS THE TROOPERS
HOLD DAILY
TARGET
PRACTICE...



IN THE BATMAN'S
EXPERT HAND,
THE GUN ROARS...
AND SIX
BULLETS HIT
THE TARGET
DEAD CENTER!

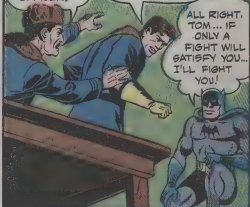


BUT AS THE BULLETS THUD
INTO THE DUMMY, IN
TOM'S MIND'S EYE IT
IS LIKE SEEING THE
BATMAN SHOOTING HIS
FATHER. SOMETHING SNAPS
IN HIS BRAIN AND...



BOLTON! YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST
FOR STRIKING
A BROTHER
OFFICER!

THE COWARD! LET ME TAKE
OFF MY BADGE AND
FIGHT IT OUT WITH HIM,
MAN TO MAN!



A CLEARING
IS MADE...
THE TWO
OPPONENTS
SQUARE OFF...
AND THE
BATTLE BEGINS!

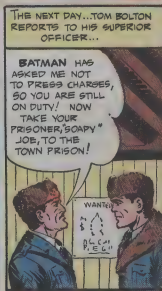
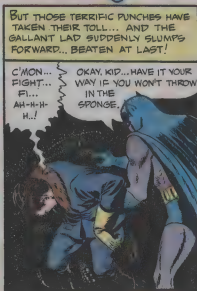
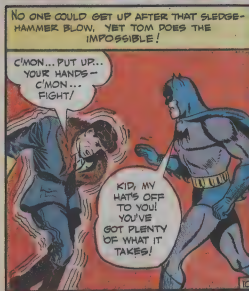
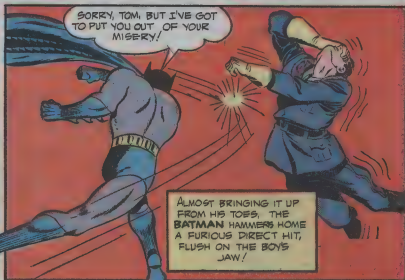
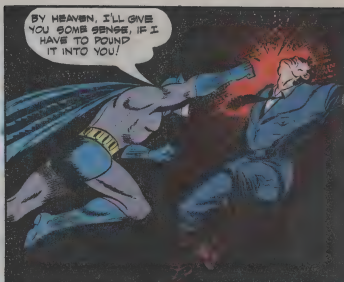
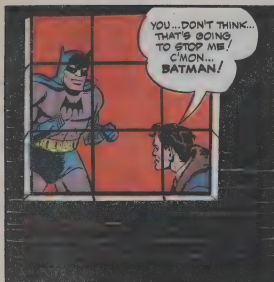


SKIP THE
ADVICE!
C'MON...
FIGHT!

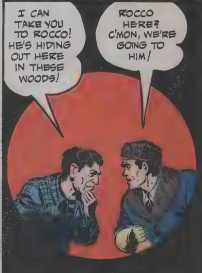
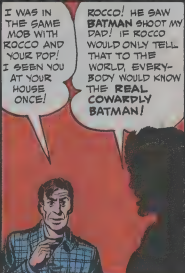
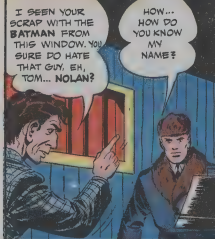


RELUCTANT BUT GRIM,
THE DEADLY FIGHTING
MACHINE THAT IS THE
BATMAN BEGINS TO CRACK
HOME WITH DYNAMITE
FISTS!

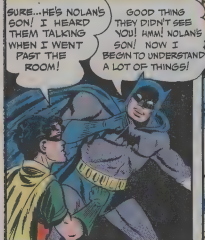




INSIDE THE PRISON BARRACKS...



BUT AS TOM AND HIS PRISONER LEAVE...



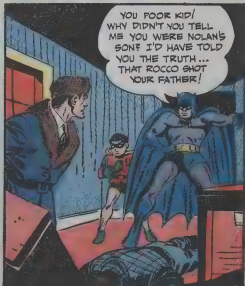
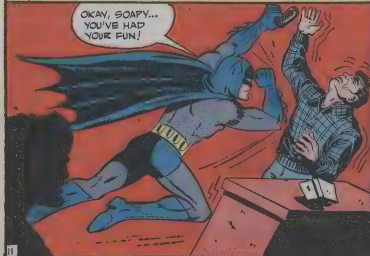
DONNING SKIS, THE CRIME-BUSTERS FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF TOM AND SOAPY...

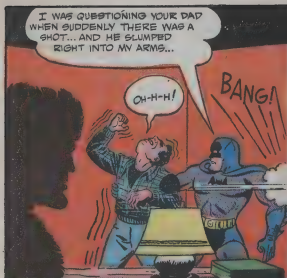


INSIDE THE CABIN...



SUDDENLY, TWO HANDS WHIP IN! ONE GRABS THE GUN, THE OTHER BECOMES A BUNCHED FIST!





I WAS QUESTIONING YOUR DAD WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SHOT... AND HE SLUMPED RIGHT INTO MY ARMS...

OH-H-H!

BANG!

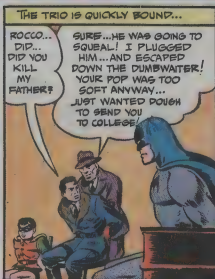


...JUST LIKE THAT, EH, BATMAN?



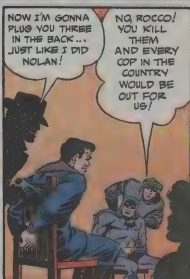
NICK ROCCO!

RIGHT! TOO BAD ABOUT SOAPY. WE CRACKED A BANK AND THE RAT SKIPPED WITH THE DOUGH. HE HID IT IN THE SHACK. WE FOUND IT... THEN WE SEEN YOU COMING... AND WAITED!



THE TRIO IS QUICKLY BOUND...
ROCCO... DID... DID YOU KILL MY FATHER?

SURE...HE WAS GOING TO SQUEAL! I PLUGGED HIM...AND ESCAPED DOWN THE DUMBWATER! YOUR POP WAS TOO SOFT ANYWAY... JUST WANTED DOUGH TO SEND YOU TO COLLEGE!



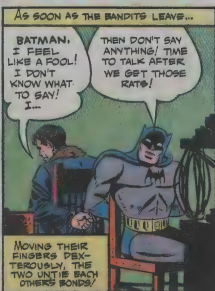
NOW I'M GONNA PLUG YOU THREE IN THE BACK... JUST LIKE I DID NOLAN!

NQ ROCCO! YOU KILL THEM AND EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WOULD BE OUT FOR US!



BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE IMPORTANT GUNS.DONT FORGET IT! YEAH!

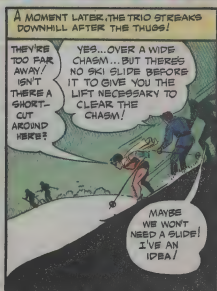
YEAH! WE DONT WANT NO MANHUNT! OKAY...BUT I HATE TO LEAVE THEM LIKE THIS! WELL... LET'S BLOW!



AS SOON AS THE BANDITS LEAVE...
BATMAN, I FEEL LIKE A FOOL! I DONT KNOW WHAT TO SAY! I...

THEN DONT SAY ANYTHING! TIME TO TALK AFTER WE GET THOSE RATS!

MOVING THEIR FINGERS DEXTEROUSLY, THE TWO UNTIE EACH OTHERS BONDS!



A MOMENT LATER, THE TRIO STREAKS DOWNHILL AFTER THE THUGS!

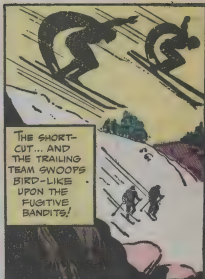
THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY! ISN'T THERE A SHORT-CUT AROUND HERE?

YES...OVER A WIDE CHASM...BUT THERE'S NO SKI SLIDE BEFORE IT TO GIVE YOU THE LIFT NECESSARY TO CLEAR THE CHASM!

MAYBE WE WONT NEED A SLIDE! I'VE AN IDEA!

A SCANT MOMENT AFTER,
TWO MANTLED FIGURES SHOOT
DOWNHILL AT EXPRESS TRAIN
SPEED... TOWARD THE OPEN
CHASM...

SUDDENLY, ARMS STRETCH OUT...
REVEALING THE MANTLE ENDS
TIED TO ANKLES! RESULT... WIND-
CATCHING SAILS THAT GIVE
ENOUGH LIFT TO CLEAR THE CHASM!



THE SHORT-
CUT... AND THE TRAILING
TEAM SWOOPS
BIRD-LIKE
UPON THE
FUGITIVE
BANDITS!



LOOK
OUT
BELOW!

X MARKS
THE
SPOT!



I'M
PUTTING
YOU ON
ICE, ROCCO,
FOR
SOMEBODY
ELSE!

THEY
CERTAINLY
USE HARD
WOOD FOR
SKIS,
DON'T
THEY?



HERE!
I SAVED
HIM
FOR
YOU!

NO...NO!
HELL
KILL ME!...
HE'LL
KILL
ME!

NO...I'M
JUST GOING
TO BEAT
YOUR HEAD
OFF!



THIS
IS FOR DAD,
AND THIS
... AND
THIS!

ALL HIS
PENT-UP
EMOTIONS EXPLODE
INTO HATE-
CHARGED FURY
AS TOM TEARS
INTO HIS
FATHER'S
KILLER!



Later...

THERE!
IT'S GONE!
THE WEIGHT
I'VE CARRIED
FOR YEARS!
I'M GLAD!
I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
THE BATMAN
NEVER USES
A GUN...
I'M
SORRY!

SORRY FOR
WHAT?
FOR HONORING
YOUR
FATHER'S
MEMORY?
DON'T BE
SORRY, TOM.
YOU'RE A
GOOD SON...
AND A
GOOD COP!
SO LET'S
SHAKE HANDS
PAL!

The
End!!

The Winning Team.....



IT'S A FACT, ROBIN! YOU AND I ARE AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE ADVENTURE TEAM. MAYBE THAT SOUNDS LIKE BRAGGING --- BUT SALES PROVE IT!!!

RIGHT BATMAN AND HERE'S ANOTHER ISSUE LOADED WITH OUR ADVENTURES!!



ON SALE JUNE 10TH
AT ALL STANDS

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

YOWSAH, BUDDIES!
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE
CONTAINING BOTH
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!
--AND EVERY ONE OF
THE 96 PAGES
IS BRAND NEW!
DON'T MISS
THIS ONE!



ISSUE NO. 6
NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!

The 604 COMMANDOS

By
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

ORDER OF THE DAY
ALL COMMANDO UNITS
STAND BY FOR ACTION... THE
OBJECTIVE FOR TODAY IS THE
VEHICULAR TANK FACTORY WHERE
MARSHAL GOERING WILL MAKE
AN INSPECTION... REPORT TO
FLYING FIELD FOR PARATROOP
EQUIPMENT... THIS IS A SUICIDE
MISSION... *Rip Carter*
CAPTAIN

SO MOST OF US,
A BOOK OF HISTORY
IS DULL... FAR FROM
INTERESTING.

YET FOR THOSE MEN
OF WHOM IT TELLS,
THOSE MEN WHOSE
DEEDS SHAPE
THE DESTINIES OF ALL MEN
THE WORLD IS AN
EXCITING PLACE AND
...THEY HELP TO WRITE
ITS HISTORY WHICH
IS FRAUGHT WITH DANGERS

SUCH A GROUP OF MEN
ARE THE COMMANDOS,
WHO AT THIS VERY
MOMENT ARE GALLANTLY
BLAZING CHAPTER
OF BLOODIEST CHAPTER
IN THE ANNALS OF
MAN... HOPING TO ERASE
FROM ITS PAGES THE
MEMORY OF ITS
FOULEST TYRANTS.

THIS IS A TALE FROM
HISTORY, PAST AND
PRESENT... OF THOSE
WHO WROTE IT AND
THOSE WHO LIVE IT...
IT IS NOT DULL





THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A BOOK OF HISTORY...

NEITHER IS IT UNUSUAL FOR A MAN TO RECORD THE HAPPENINGS OF THE WORLD TODAY.

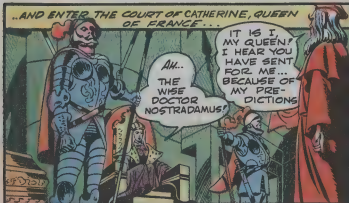
BUT WHEN THAT MAN HAS BEEN DEAD FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE OUR TIME...? ...WELL, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN... ISN'T IT?

HIS NAME WAS **NOSTRADAMUS!** ALL HIS PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE! WAS HE A PROPHET? A MAN ENDOWED WITH SUPERNATURAL GIFTS? **NOSTRADAMUS** CLAIMED HE DID IT BY THE STARS... BUT WE HAVE OUR METHODS, TOO!

FOR JUST AS **NOSTRADAMUS** CLEAVED THROUGH THE YEARS TO COME, SO WILL WE TURN BACK TO THE YEARS THAT WERE...
...TO THE YEAR **1566**...



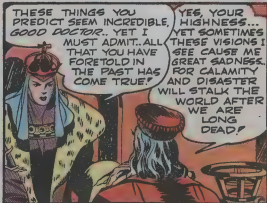
...AND ENTER THE COURT OF CATHERINE, QUEEN OF FRANCE...



AH...
THE WISE DOCTOR **NOSTRADAMUS!**

IT IS I, MY QUEEN! I HEAR YOU HAVE SENT FOR ME... BECAUSE OF MY PRE-DICTIONS

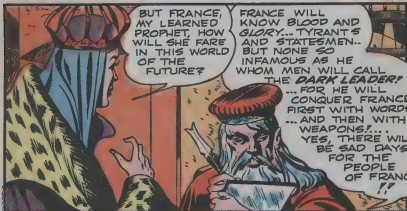
THESE THINGS YOU PREDICT SEEM INCREDIBLE. **GOOD DOCTOR**, YET I MUST ADMIT... ALL THAT YOU HAVE FORETOLD IN THE PAST HAS COME TRUE!



YES, YOUR HIGHNESS... YET SOMETIMES I SEE CAUSE ME GREAT SADNESS FOR CALAMITY AND DISASTER WILL STALK THE WORLD AFTER WE ARE LONG DEAD!

BUT FRANCE, MY LEARNED PROPHET, HOW WILL SHE FARE IN THIS WORLD OF THE FUTURE?

FRANCE WILL KNOW BLOOD AND GLORY... TYRANTS AND STATESMEN... BUT NONE SO INFAMOUS AS HE WHOM MEN WILL CALL THE **DARK LEADER!**



...FOR HE WILL CONQUER FRANCE, FIRST WITH WORDS... AND THEN WITH WEAPONS... YES, THERE WILL BE SAD DAYS FOR THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE!

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS LEADER IN YOUR VISIONS? CAN YOU DESCRIBE HIM TO ME?

... WILL FRANCE THROW OFF HIS YOKE?



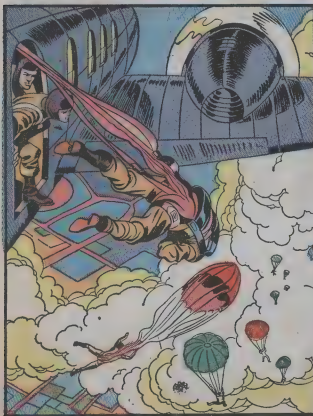
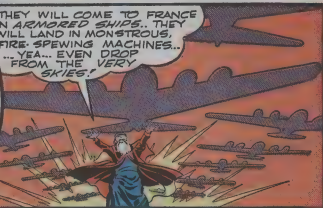
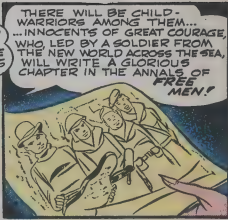
THAT IS A SKETCH OF HIM, MY QUEEN... HE APPEARS THUS TO ME!

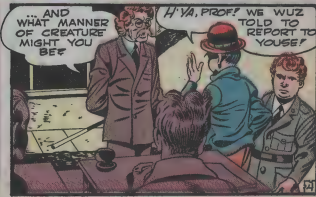
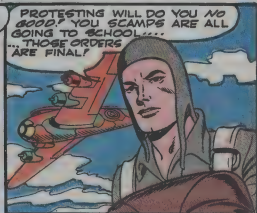
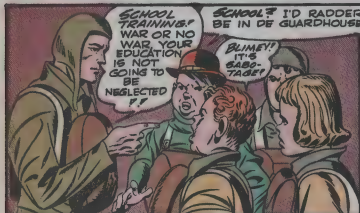
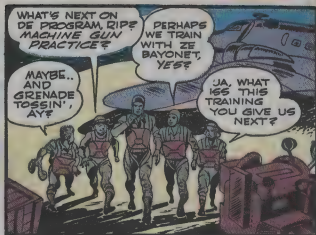
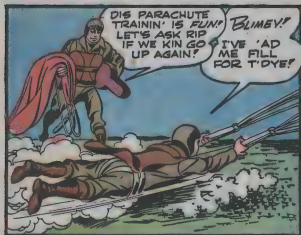
Oh...
WHAT AN ODD BEING!

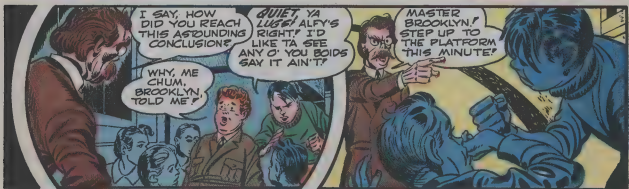
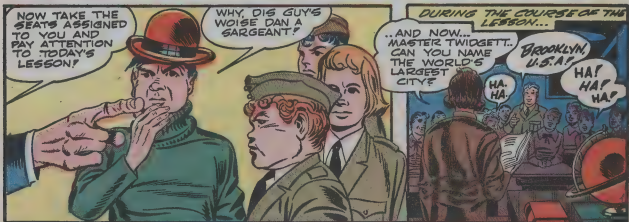
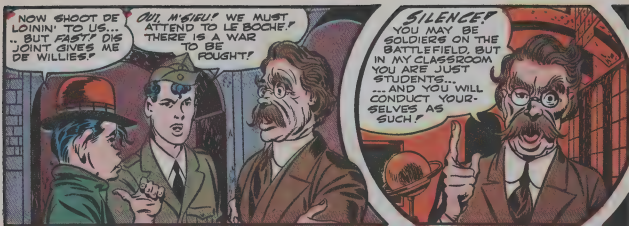


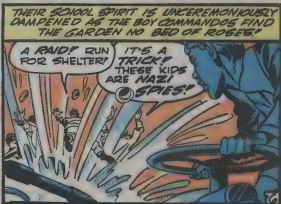
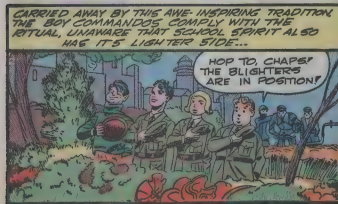
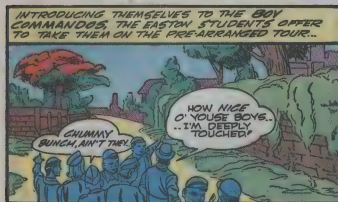
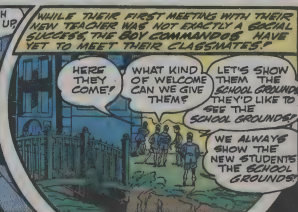
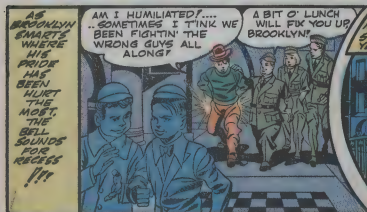
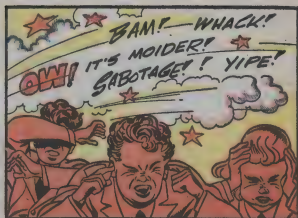
YET HE TOO SHALL IN TURN BE CONQUERED... AND HIS DARK LEGIONS DRIVEN FROM FRANCE! THE COMING OF MANY LIBERATORS WILL BE PRECEDED BY THE FEW! THEIR RANKS WILL BE FORMED BY WARRIORS OF MANY NATIONS... AND THEY WILL ATTACK LIKE PHANTOMS OF THE NIGHT!

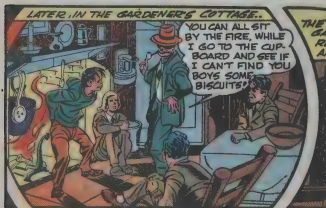
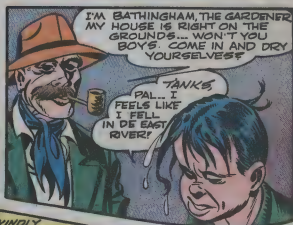
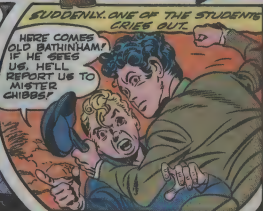
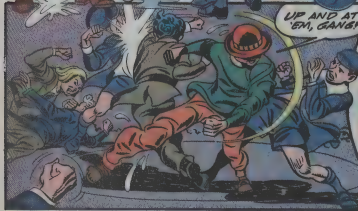
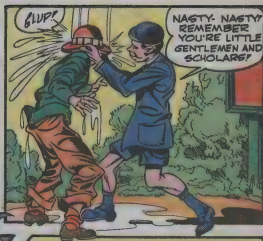
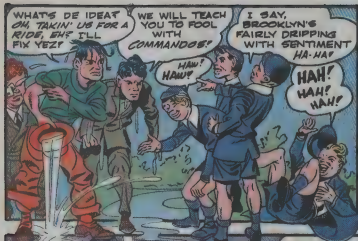












...INSTEAD HIS HAND REACHES
BEHIND A SUGAR BOWL TO
CONTACT A HIDDEN BUTTON.



THERE IS A LOW WHINE OF
MESHING GEARS AS THE
CUPBOARD SWINGS ON
CONCEALED HINGES...RE-
VEALING A GAPING ENTRANCE
TO A DARK CORRIDOR!



THEY WANT
BISCUITS, EHE...
WELL, I'LL GIVE
THEM SOME-
THING THEY
DIDN'T BARGAIN
FOR!



THE GARDENER DESCENDS A FLIGHT
OF CREAKING STAIRS AND ENTERS
A DIMLY LIT CHAMBER!



THEY ARE HERE,
CAPTAIN. THE BOY
COMMANDOS
HAVE COME.

YOU KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.
STAY CLOSE TO DER LITTLE
SHUFFIN! THEY MAY DROP A
HINT OF A COMMANDO ATTACK.

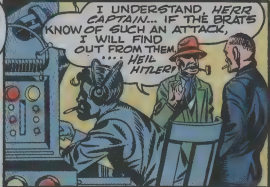
IT WILL NOT BE
HARD TO SECURE
INFORMATION.



BY THE WAY, BATHINGHAM...
MARSHAL GOERING WILL
INSPECT DER VERAULT
TANK FACTORY, NEAR THE
FRENCH COAST, NEXT
TUESDAY! IF THE
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE
HAS KNOWLEDGE OF
THIS TOUR.... THE
COMMANDOS WILL
SURELY CAUSE
TROUBLE!



I UNDERSTAND, HERR
CAPTAIN... IF THE BRATS
KNOW OF SUCH AN ATTACK,
I WILL FIND OUT FROM THEM.
... HEIL
HITLER!

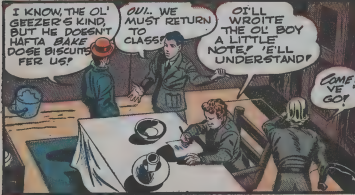


I KNOW, THE OL'
GEEZER'S KIND,
BUT HE DOESN'T
HAFTA BAKE
DOSE BISCUITS
FER US!

OUL. WE
MUST RETURN
TO CLASS!

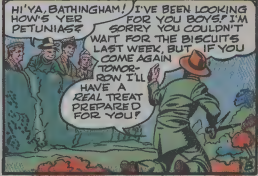
O'I'LL WRITE
THE OL' BOY
A LITTLE
NOTE! 'E'LL
UNDERSTAND!

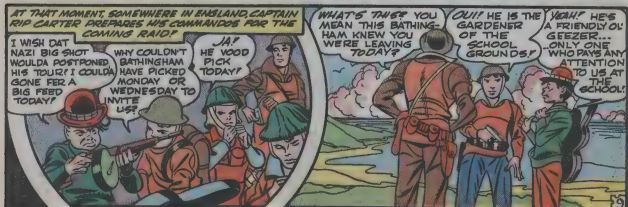
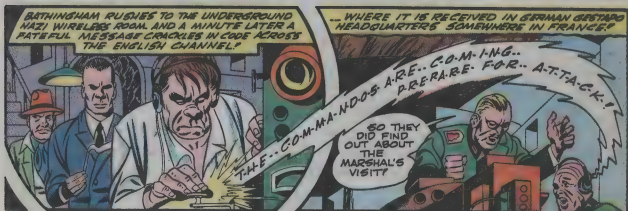
COME!
VE GO!



THE FOLLOWING MONDAY...AT RECESS.

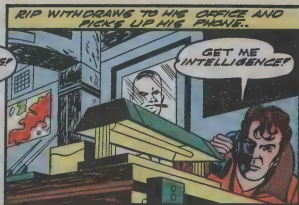
HI'VA, BATHINGHAM! I'VE BEEN LOOKING
HOW'S YER
PETUNIASS? FOR YOU BOYS, I'M
SORRY YOU COULDN'T
WAIT FOR THE BISCUITS
LAST WEEK, BUT IF YOU
COME AGAIN
TOMORROW I'LL
HAVE A
REAL TREAT
PREPARED
FOR YOU!







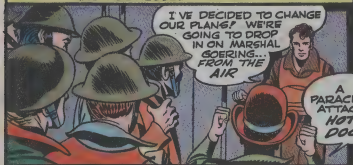
PAYS A LOT OF ATTENTION TO YOU, EHF... VERY INTERESTING! ... EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, BOYS!



RIP WITHDRAWS TO HIS OFFICE AND PICKS UP HIS PHONE...

GET ME INTELLIGENCE!

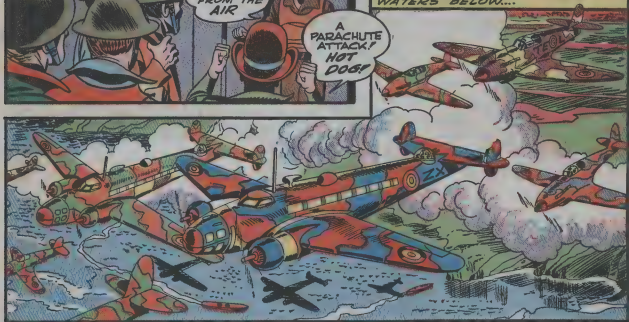
MINUTES LATER, RIP EMERGES FROM HIS OFFICE AND ADDRESSES HIS MEN!



I'VE DECIDED TO CHANGE OUR PLANS! WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN ON MARSHAL GOERING... FROM THE AIR!

A PARACHUTE ATTACK! HOT DOGS!

THE COMMANDO ATTACK IS BEARED TO THE SECOND... AND AS THAT SECOND ARRIVES, THE ENGLISH COUNTRY-SIDE RESOUNDS TO THE MIGHTY ROAR OF ENGINES... WHILE THE WINGS OF HUGE TRANSPORTS AND FIGHTING PLANES THROW OMINOUS SHADOWS ON THE CHANNEL WATERS BELOW...



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE VERVAULT TANK FACTORY IN OCCUPIED FRANCE!

WELCOME, MARSHAL GOERING! YOU CAN PROCEED WITH THE INSPECTION WITH THE UTMOST ASSURANCE OF SAFETY! ALL PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN AGAINST ANY FORM OF DANGER!

WELL DONE, MAJOR! DER FUEHRER SHALL HEAR OF YOUR EFFICIENCY!

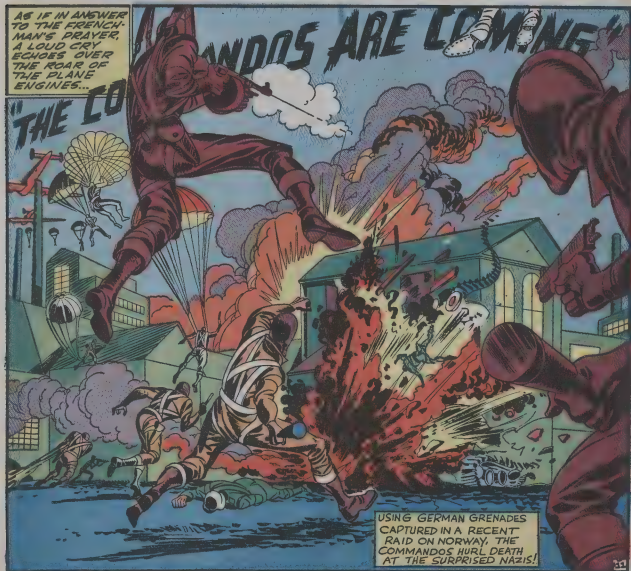
VERVAULT TANK FACTORY

INSIDE THE FACTORY...



HERE COMES THAT FAT PIG, GOERING, NOW!

OLI! THE BRUTAL DOG!



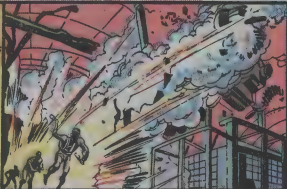
THE MAIN BODY OF THEIR TROOPS GUARDING THE BEACHES, THE RESISTANCE OF THE NAZI FORCE AT THE FACTORY IS RAPIDLY BROKEN... AS THE COMMANDOS SWEEP ONWARD... WREAKING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



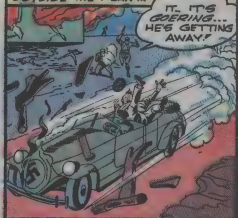
IN THE REIGNING CONFUSION, THE FRENCH WORKERS GIVE VENT TO THEIR PENT UP HATRED OF THEIR BRUTAL CONQUERORS!



THE COMMANDOS MEANWHILE DEMOLISH EVERYTHING OF VALUE IN THEIR PATH! THE VERULT TANK FACTORY BECOMES A SHAMBLES!



OUTSIDE THE PLANT.



IT. IT'S GOERING... HE'S GETTING AWAY!

COMPLETING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TANK WORKS, RIP CARTER REORGANIZES HIS MEN FOR A QUICK ESCAPE!

HAD IT ALL PLANNED TO AMBUSH US AT THE BEACH, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, WE COMMANDOS HAVE LITTLE IDEAS OF OUR OWN... LIKE THIS ONE!



SCHWEIN!

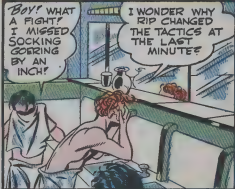
THE
COMMANDOS
QUICKLY
PILE INTO
WAITING
PLANES
AND
ARE
OVER
THE
CHANNEL
BEFORE
THE GERMAN
TROOPS
FROM THE
BEACH
HURRY TO
THE
SCENE!



UPON RETURNING TO ENGLAND, THE
BOY COMMANDOS CLEAN UP FOR A
HARD EARNED FURLOUGH!

BOY! WHAT
A FIGHT!
I MISSED
SOCKING
GORING
BY AN
INCH!

I WONDER WHY
RIP CHANGED
THE TACTICS AT
THE LAST
MINUTE



REPORT TO MY OFFICE
AS SOON AS YOU'RE DRESSED
AND YOU'LL FIND OUT
WHY!

HUH?

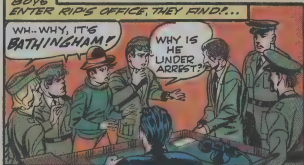
RIGHTO,
RIP!



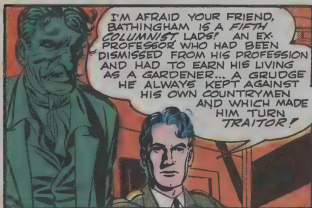
WHEN
THE
BOYS
ENTER RIP'S OFFICE, THEY FIND...

WH...WHY, IT'S
BATHINGHAM!

WHY IS
HE
UNDER
ARREST?

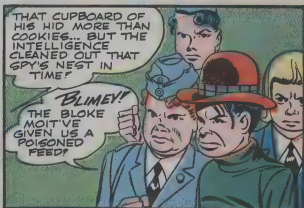


I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIEND,
BATHINGHAM, IS A FIFTH
COLUMNIST LAD! AN EX-
PROFESSOR WHO HAD BEEN
DISMISSED FROM HIS PROFESSION
AND HAD TO EARN HIS LIVING
AS A GARDENER... A GRUDGE
HE ALWAYS KEPT AGAINST
HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN
AND WHICH MADE
HIM TURN
TRAITOR!



THAT CUPBOARD OF
HIS HID MORE THAN
COOKIES... BUT THE
INTELLIGENCE
CLEANED OUT THAT
SPY'S NEST IN
TIME!

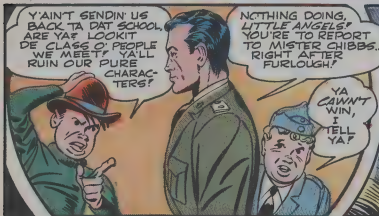
BLIMEY!
THE BLOKE
MOIVE
GIVEN US A
POISONED
FEED!



Y'AIN'T SENDIN' US
BACK TA DAT SCHOOL
ARE YAF LOOKIT
DE CLASS O' PEOPLE
WE MEET? Y'ALL
RUIN OUR PURE
CHARAC-
TERS!

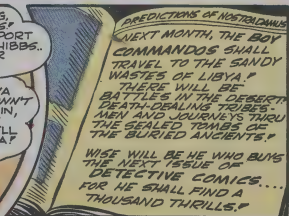
NOTHING DOING,
LITTLE ANGELS!
YOU'RE TO REPORT
TO MISTER CHIBBS..
RIGHT AFTER
FURLOUGH!

YA
CAWNT
WIN,
I
TELL
YAF



PREDICTIONS OF NOSTALGIA
NEXT MONTH, THE BOY
COMMANDOS SHALL
TRAVEL TO THE SANDY
WASTES OF LIBYA!
THERE WILL BE
BATTLE'S IN THE DESERT
DEATH-DEALING TRIBES-
MEN AND JOURNEYS THRU
THE SEALED TOMBS OF
THE BURIED ANCIENTS!

WISE WILL BE HE WHO BUYS
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
DETECTIVE COMICS...
FOR HE SHALL FIND A
THOUSAND THRILLS!



Boys HERE'S THE MOST PRACTICAL
KNIFE YOU EVER USED!
ONLY 50¢
EXTRA
Sharp enough to cut a single hair...
and stays sharp forever. Now, instantly
changeable blades only a dime
choice of eight shapes, double or
single edge. Buy it at your dealer's
or Boy Scout store. Sets **GLADES**
\$1.00 to \$3.50.



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From our good neighbors in the Western Hemisphere, 15 sets from 15 countries: Mexico 120-85 complete; Canada Royal Vairt complete; Puerto Rico 85-80; Barbados, 100-101; Newfoundland, 2 values; Colombia RA3-4; Bolivia Pawn, 2 values; Peru Map and Pictorial; Guatemala, 278, etc.; 8 values; Brazil, 8 values; Chile 100-201; Paraguay commemorative 2 values; Ecuador RA41 complete, Cuba 1017, 5 values; Jamaica, 2 values.

We will send all these for only 10c to sincere approval applicants. Kindly state whether you wish "On Approval" singles or sets or both.

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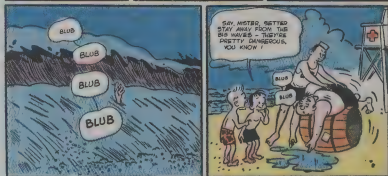
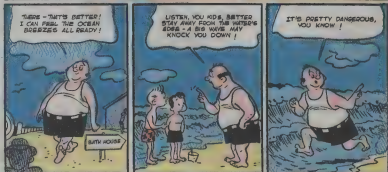
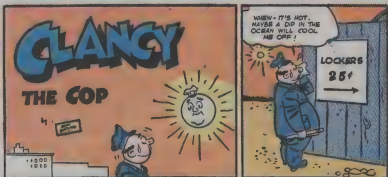
269 - 4th Avenue, New York City Dept. 237

FIREWORKS Oh Boy!
THINK OF IT! An assortment of over 1000 pieces of fireworks worth \$6.66 for \$2.96 cash with order. We have the famous "ZEBRA" flash crackers. World's loudest. 100 FREE salutes with every order... Free catalog.

BANNER FIREWORKS, DEPT. A2 Box 173, W. TOLEDO, OHIO

Super-Wonder Packet Offered
containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (borders), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHURI-
KID (Mausoleum), SARAWAK (palm),
GUADELOUPE (sugar edging), COSTA RICA
(triangle), MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNEL
(Boating) This entire packet for only 2c to
approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free
with each order. **KENT STAMP CO., G.P.O.**
Box 87(5), Brooklyn, N. Y.

A BIT OF FUN



SAY, COUSIN... **THE NEWSBOY LEGION**
WITH **THE GUARDIAN** COOK WITH
GAS IN THIS SWELL MAGAZINE!

PLUS THE
STAR-SPANGLED
KID AND OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
FEATURES!

ON SALE
NOW!



THE CRIMSON AVENGER

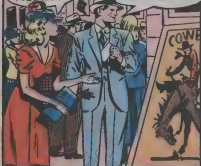
BY JACK ICHTL



MEET THE MOST BIZARRE BAND IN THE HISTORY OF GANGDOM—THE "HOLIDAY HOODS"—MOBSTERS WHO MULCT THE METROPOLIS WHILE ITS CITIZENS CELEBRATE THE FESTIVE EVENTS OF THE CALENDAR! FOR ON HOLIDAYS, WHEN ALL STOP WORK TO PLAY, CRIME GOES TO WORK FOR PAY—EXACTED FROM MERRYMAKERS AT THE POINTS OF BLAZING GUNS—AND MARKS UP THE CALENDAR IN LETTERS OF LEAD... UNTIL THE CRIMSON AVENGER CLASHES WITH THE "HOLIDAY HOODS" IN "THE RED LETTER DAY CRIMES!"

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY....AND FUN-SEEKING CROWDS THROING NEW YORK! AT MADISON TRIANGLE GARDEN....

OH, AL, DO LET'S GO IN-IVE SURE LOOKS LIKE THE WILD ALWAYS WANTED WEST. OKAY, TO SEE A RODEO! HONEY, I'LL GET SOME SEATS!

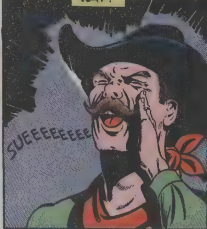


AND WITHIN, IN THE PRESS BOX, SITS LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE-LEADER.....

RANCHER'S HOG CALLING CONTEST IS NEXT, WING— SHOULD BE GOOD! YOU BETCHA ME, MIST' TRAVIS! ALL SAME, SOUND VELLY INTLESTING!

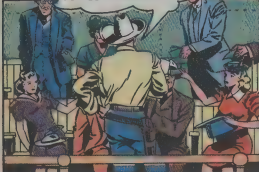


TO THE FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE HILARIOUS HOG CALLING COMPETITION GETS UNDER WAY!



THE HOG CALLING CONTEST ENDS...AND DURING THE INTERMISSION, A COLLECTION IS MADE FOR "THE FRONTIER FUND"....

COME ON, FOLKS— SHELL OUT! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE OLD TIMERS OUT WEST TO GO HUNGRY!



AND THEY "SHELL OUT" FOR A VERY EXCELLENT, SIX-SHOOTING REASON!

STEP ON IT, SISTER, AND HAND OVER THOSE SPARKLERS— OR I'LL DRILL DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!



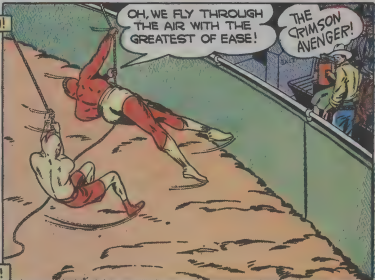
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON OVER THERE, WING. THOSE PEOPLE ARE GIVING THEIR MONEY RATHER TOO EAGERLY! AND I COULD SWEAR I SAW THE GUNT OF GUN METAL!



THEN, IN THE SHADOWS BENEATH THE SEATS—A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION!



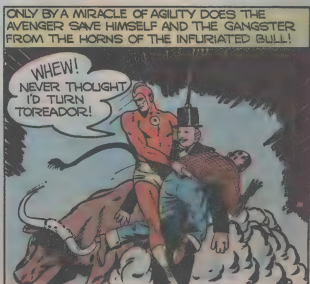
FOR THESE TWO ARE NONE OTHER THAN THAT FAMED CROOK-HOUNDING 2 DUO, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING!





BUT AT THE ARENA'S OPPOSITE END... A FURIOUS, VENGEANCE-PLANNING GANG LEADER!

BLAST THAT CRIMSON AVENGER! HE'S RUINED MY PLAN - BUT I'LL RUIN HIM!



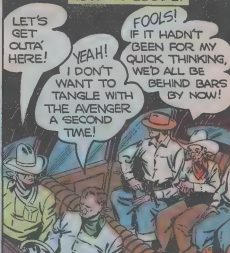
THEN, WING PROVIDES TEMPTING BAIT FOR THE RAMPAGING BEAST!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, AND THE BULL'S HORNS THUD INTO THE BARREL-SPINNING IT LIKE A TOP!



IN THE CONFUSION, THE GANG MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE!



AT THE CRIME RING'S HEADQUARTERS—A LONG-ABANDONED UNDERGROUND GARAGE!



HUDDLED, SPIDERLIKE, OVER AN ANTIQUE, SLOPING DESK IS THE MAN WHOM GANGLAND KNOWS—AND FEARS—AS THE "LITTLE CLERK"!



THE PAY-OFF!



NEXT DAY! THE BRIEF HOLIDAY OVER, NEW YORKERS GO BACK TO WORK... AMONGST THEM CLUTBERT MEAKENS— FOR THIS SMALL AND HUMBLE "LITTLE CLERK" HAS A JOB JUST LIKE ALL THE REST OF US!

HMM, HOPE I CAN MAKE THE 8:15!

AND ON THE DOT OF NINE, THIS MOUSELIKE LITTLE MAN (UNDERWORLD EMPEROR ON HIS DAY OFF) ENTERS THE OFFICES OF SNEED & CHOKE, INC.



WEEKLY, HE SITS AT HIS DESK...

MEAKENS! HAVEN'T YOU GOT THOSE INVOICES YET? YOU'RE TOO SLOW—SNAP OUT OF IT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOB!

I'LL HAVE THEM FOR YOU RIGHT AWAY, MR SNEED, SIR—I'LL HAVE THEM RIGHT AWAY!

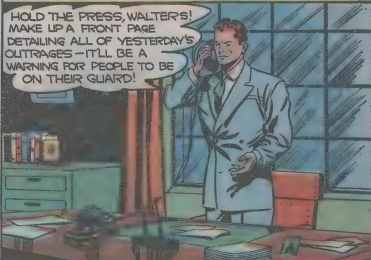


HOW I HATE THAT MAN! BUT SOON I'LL BUY HIM OUT.....VERY SOON!



IN HIS OFFICE AT THE GLOBE-LEADER, LEE TRAVIS...

HOLD THE PRESS, WALTER'S! MAKE UP A FRONT PAGE DETAILING ALL OF YESTERDAY'S OUTRAGES—IT'LL BE A WARNING FOR PEOPLE TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!



HOLIDAY BANDITS STAGE NATIONWIDE HOLDUP!

BOX OFFICES LIMITED

TOLL BRIDGES HUACKED



LATER, THE 'SCARLET ROCKET-WRECKER' SPEAKS WITH A VERY GRATEFUL CAPTIVE GANGSTER!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE YESTERDAY! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO PAY YOU BACK-ANYTHING!

FINE, MALLET! I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU! NOW, JUST TELL ME...



AND YOU SAY THEY PLAN TO STRIKE AT THE OPENING OF WONDRO THE MAGICIAN?

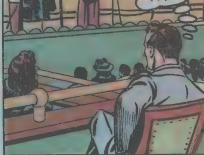
RIGHT! ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY! THEY ALWAYS STRIKE ON HOLIDAYS- HOLIDAYS BRING OUT CROWDS- AND BIG SPENDERS!



DAYS LATER.... WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, AND THE FIRST NIGHT OF WONDRO THE MAGICIAN!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MY FIRST TRICK WILL BE ASURPRISE!

HMM, HE HASN'T SAID THE HALF OF IT!



A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT—BULKY, DRAPED IN BLACK—IS PLACED IN WONDRO'S HANDS....

GEE, MOM, WHAT'S THAT? THIS IS EXCITING!

SH, DEAR! WAIT AND SEE!

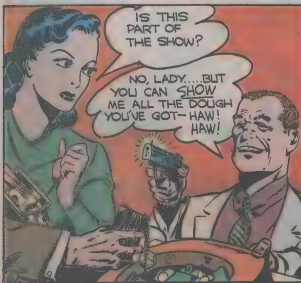


JUST ONE SECOND.... AND YOU WILL SEE THE MOST ASTOUNDING TRICK OF ALL TIME!



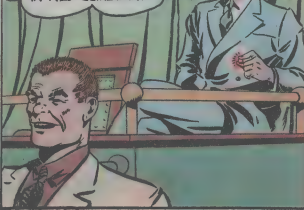
PRESTO!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOW YOU WILL KINDLY HAND OVER YOUR MONEY AND VALUABLES TO MY COLLECTORS WHO WILL PASS AMONG YOU! NO TRICKS—OR I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH LEAD!

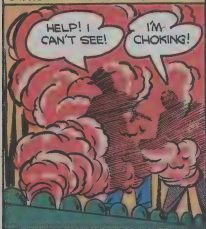


THEN, STEALTHILY, LEE TRAVIS PRODUCES A GLASS CAPSULE...

NOW—THIS IS WHERE A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN IN RED COMES IN!



WITH UNERRING AIM, HE HURLS THE CAPSULE. IT BREAKS ON THE STAGE....AND A CLOUD OF CRIMSON SMOKE BILLOWS FORTH!



AND THROUGH THE BLOOD-RED BATTLE SMOKE LEAPS....THE CRIMSON AVENGER!



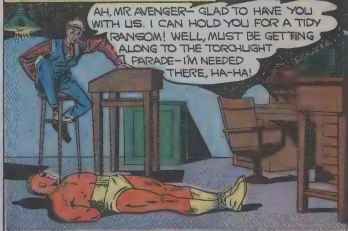
BUT IN THE SHADOW OF THE WINGS, A SINISTER HAND SNAKES OUT—GRASPS A LEVER!



A PULL OF THE LEVER—AND A TRAPDOOR SPRINGS OPEN!



STUNNED BY THE FALL....THE AVENGER AWAKES TO FIND HIMSELF A CAPTIVE IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DREADED "LITTLE CLERK"!



TRY ANY TRICKS, WISE GUY, AND YOU'LL GET MORE HOLES IN YOU THAN A SWISS CHEESE!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY... THAT ADDING MACHINE.... IT MIGHT WORK....



INCH BY INCH, THE AVENGER'S FEET EDGE SO YOU'RE THE GREAT CRIMSON AVENGER! HAW-HAW!



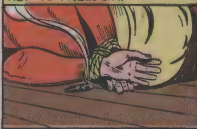
THEN....TOES NUDGE THE SHAKY LEG OF THE DECREPID DESK!



THE PONDEROUS ADDING MACHINE CRASHES DOWN—
AND THE GUARD IS OUT!



FOR HERE IS A SMOLDERING
KEY TO FREEDOM!

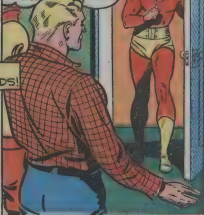


SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY THE CIGAR
BUTT BURNS THROUGH THE BONDS!



AT LAST THE ROPES FALL AWAY,
AND THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER
SPEEDS OFF TO HIS HEADQUARTERS
WHERE WING AND MALLET WAIT!

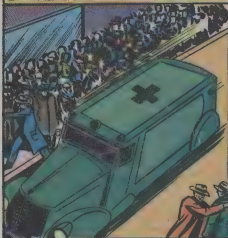
WE'RE OFF TO THE TORCH-
LIGHT PARADE! "LITTLE
CLERK'S" STRIKING
THERE NEXT!



MINUTES LATER, AND THE TRIO GAZES DOWN UPON THE SPLENDOR OF THE FAMOUS
TORCHLIGHT PARADE—CLIMAX OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION!



SUDDENLY...AN AMBULANCE
SCREAMS ITS DESPERATE WAY
UP THE CROWD-PACKED STREET.



BUT THIS "AMBULANCE" IS ON NO
ERRAND OF MERCY...A HIDDEN PANEL
SLIDES BACK...AND A VICIOUS CANNON
IS ALL SET FOR ITS DEATH-DEALING
TASK!

W-WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS OUTRAGE-
STOPPING THE
PARADE?

ER-THIS IS
THE MEANING!
NOW LISTEN
CAREFULLY,
EVERYBODY....



MY COLLECTORS
WILL PASS AMONG YOU
FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.
I WARN YOU TO GIVE
GENEROUSLY, AND NOT
TRY ANY TRICKS OR I
SHALL BLOW YOUR
VERY EXCELLENT
MAYOR TO KINGDOM
COME!



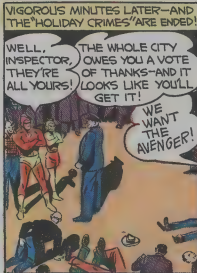
BUT-SUDDEN AS A STREAK OF LIGHTNING--THE
CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS HELIUM-FILLED TWIN
COLOSSUS SWING INTO ACTION!



A SHELL HURTTLES SKYWARD--MISSING THE
PLUMMETING CRIME-CRACKER BY PERILOUS INCHES



THEN, AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR, AS WING AND MALLETT RUSH INTO THE FRAY!



THEN—THE TRIUMPHANT TORCHLIGHT FINALE TO A HARD DAYS WORK WELL DONE!



THE CRIMSON AVENGER

GOES ON HIS CRIME—CRUSHING SCARLET-STREAKED PATH IN EVERY ISSUE OF —

DETECTIVE COMICS

FOLLOW THE RED ROBIN HOOD OF JUSTICE IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION-CRAMMED NUMBER!

DON'T MISS IT!

SPY

THE FIGURE OF A MAN SCURRIES THROUGH THE HALLS OF WASHINGTON'S OFFICE BUILDINGS... AND LEAVES BEHIND HIM A TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! AN ENTIRE NATION IS THROWN INTO WILD FEAR AS DOOM THUNDERBOLTS THROUGH THE CAPITOL... UNTIL **BART REGAN**, DARING SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE, FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST INANIMATE THINGS WHEN HE ENTERS...

"The case of the...**MAN WHO SOLD DEATH!!**"



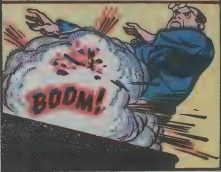
AS HURRYING CLERKS CARRY OUT WAR ORDERS IN A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WITHIN A PRIVATE OFFICE...

GUESS I'LL SIGN THIS DEFENSE ORDER WITH MY NEW PEN!

I'LL TAKE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN SET... IT IS PRICED VERY REASONABLY!

YES... WE SALESMEN DO OUR BEST TO GIVE YOU **GOOD BUYS**. WELL, GOOD DAY!

THE PEN IS LOWERED TO THE DESK... THE NIB PRESSES AGAINST THE PAPER...



Later..THAT DAY..INSIDE
ANOTHER GOVERNMENT
BUILDING...

I DIDN'T
ORDER MY
TYPEWRITER
CLEANED--
BUT--IT'S
A GOOD
IDEA!

YES--A
GOOD
IDEA--A
VERY
GOOD
IDEA!!

MINUTES LATER---

I WONDER WHO WAS
THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH
TO SEND THAT TYPE-
WRITER MAN? OH,
WELL, NOW TO CATCH
UP WITH MY WORK--!

But..AS FINGERS LIGHTLY
TOUCH THE KEYS---

BOOM!

IN OFFICE AFTER OFFICE,
INNOCENT PENS, PENCILS,
TYPEWRITERS AND A HOST
OF SUPPLIES BECOME
AGENCIES OF DEATH..!

AND AT
SECRET
SERVICE
HEADQUARTERS--

RACING TO THE HOSPITAL, BART
REGAN ANXIOUSLY QUESTIONS
THE INJURED STENOGRAPHER---

"IN EACH
CASE IT WAS
SOME OFFICE
ITEM THAT
CAUSED THE
EXPLOSION! WE
HAVE ONE SURVIVOR,
BART, SHE'S IN
THE HOSPITAL!"

GOOD!!
MAYBE SHE
CAN GIVE
US A LEAD
ON WHO'S
BEHIND
ALL THIS!!

"THEN YOU
NEVER SAW
THAT
TYPEWRITER
MAN
BEFORE?"

NO--AND I NEVER
WANT TO SEE
HIM AGAIN--HE
LOOKED LIKE--
LIKE A--"
DEVIL!!

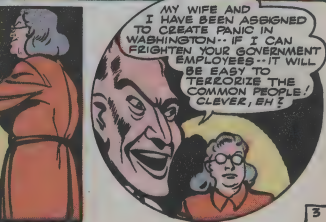
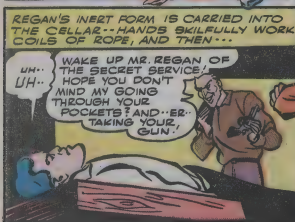
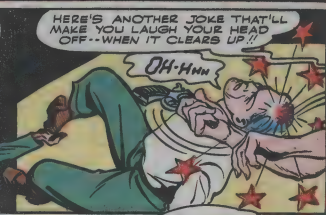
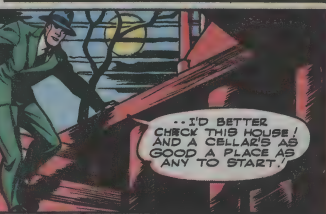
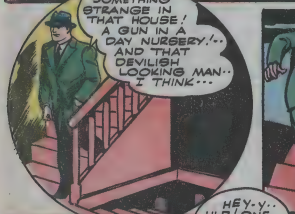
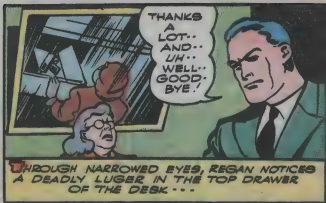
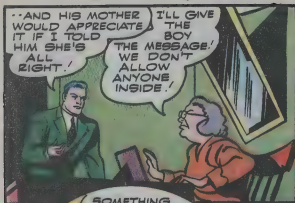
"E2--MR. REGAN,
WOULD YOU DO
ME A FAVOR?
YOU'LL FIND MY
SON AT THIS
ADDRESS--IT'S
A DAY NURSERY--
TELL HIM NOT
TO WORRY!"

OF
COURSE,
MRS.
HARRISON!
BE GLAD
TO!

QUICK
STRIDES
BRING
HIM
SHORTLY
TO THE
DAY
NURSERY,
WHERE---

KNOW WHERE I
CAN FIND JIMMY
HARRISON? I'VE
A MESSAGE
FROM HIS MOTHER--
SHE WAS INJURED
IN AN EXPLOSION!

YOU DON'T SAY--
MAETHA--
GENTLEMAN,
HERE ASKIN'
BOUT
JIMMY!



IN THIS SOUND-PROOF CELLAR, I INSERT EXPLOSIVES INTO THE OFFICE SUPPLIES WHICH I SELL SO CHEAPLY! WHO WOULD THINK OF CHECKING A HARMLESS DAY NURSERY TO FIND WHAT MAY BE STORED BENEATH IT?

JUST SO YOU WON'T GET LONELY, REGAN.. I'M LEAVING YOU COMPANY...A **BOMB!!**

LET'S LEAVE... HURRY!!!

THE CONSPIRATORS' QUICK FOOTSTEPS DIE AWAY!

THEIR...

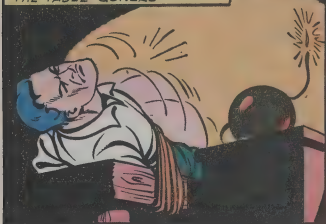
THOSE SPARKS..THEY'LL KEEP ME FLYING!... BETTER WORK FAST!!



EXERTING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH, REGAN HEAVES AGAINST HIS BONDS!-- THE TABLE QUIVERS--

--and then--

OUUFF!! GOOD THING THAT BUZZARD TIPPED ME ABOUT THE CELLAR BEING SOUND-PROOF!



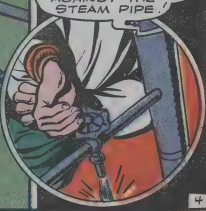
HMM.. COLD WATER STEAM PIPES! AND... THE COLD WATER PIPE HAS AN OLD-FASHIONED AUXILIARY FAUCET THAT CAN BE TAPPED!

REGAN'S HEELS DIG INTO THE CELLAR-FLOOR--AND SLOWLY.. INCH BY INCH--THE BURDENED MAN FORCES HIMSELF CLOSER TO THE PIPES...!

BOUND HANDS FUMBLE FOR THE COLD WATER FAUCET, AND---

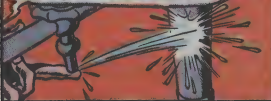
GOT TO MAKE IT! --J- JUST GOT TO MAKE IT!!

NOW TO DIRECT THIS COLD WATER AGAINST THE STEAM PIPE!



WEDGING HIS FINGER UNDER THE SPUTTING FAUCET-- REGAN DIRECTS A STREAM OF COLD WATER AGAINST THE HOT STEAM PIPE ---

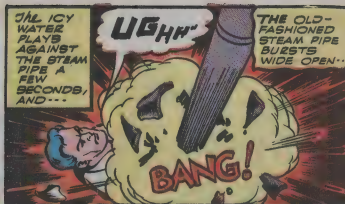
THIS IS GOING TO BE DANGEROUS -- BUT SO IS THAT BOMB THAT'S TICKING AWAY SO MERRILY!!



JAL ICY WATER PLAYS AGAINST THE STEAM PIPE A FEW SECONDS, AND---

UGH!!

THE OLD-FASHIONED STEAM PIPE BURSTS WIDE OPEN--



WHW!! I WAS LUCKY!! NOW TO GET A SHARP FRAGMENT..

MINUTES LATER---

HURRY!! WE WANT TO BE FAR AWAY WHEN THAT BOMB EXPLODES!!



BUT.. AS TWO PAIR OF FEET REACH THE BOTTOM PORCH STEP---

UH.. ULP..

WH..?

THAT'S A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED FROM YOU.



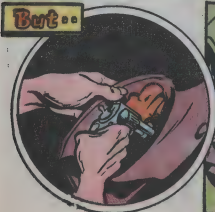
THANKS FOR "STRINGING" ALONG! NOW LET'S UP AND AWAY, AS SUPERMAN SAYS..

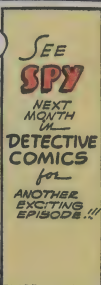
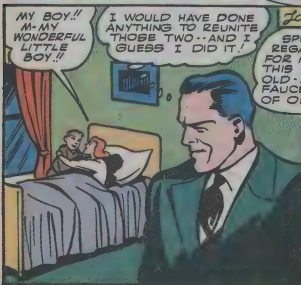
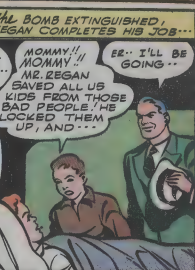


But..

OVER CONFIDENCE IS A DANGEROUS THING, MR. REGAN!

AHHNN..





NO MORE GHOSTS

by John Hilton

THEY were very angry, the man and the woman, and they almost collided with Tim Hahn, who was entering the real estate office of Jasper Queen. Flash Smith, who accompanied Tim around town as the other half of the "Ask It-Pose It" column, hastily moved his photographic paraphernalia out of the way.

The door slammed behind the outgoing pair. Jasper Queen, a worried look on his face, mopped his brow with a white handkerchief, and said: "Whew! I should have told them." He essayed a feeble grin in Tim's direction. "I almost thought I had a buyer for the Peeble Place."

"That?" Flash cut in. "Now you know it's impossible to rent that place. Oh, by the way, this is Tim Hahn. He's running that new column I'm doing the pictures for."

Jasper Queen extended a moist hand. "Glad to know you." He shook his head. "But I'm in no condition to be interviewed today. Not that I don't think you've got a good idea in that new column, son. It's just that I've been trying so long to get that Peeble Place off my hands and now I almost thought I had it."

"Until somebody told your customers the house is supposed to be haunted," Flash supplemented. "Maybe you'd better tear it down."

"Tear it down?" The realtor's voice rose indignantly. "Even in its present condition, that house is in better shape than any other in town." He snorted. "Haunted—that's what they say it is. Just because some gangsters got killed in it during Prohibition days. I bought it from the Government because I thought it was a good investment."

"Just a moment." Tim's voice was low. "You surely don't believe in ghosts, Mr. Queen?"

"I should say not," the real-

tor exploded. "But the tenants I've had in there all have left. They swore they heard strange noises in the night. Everybody in town believes it's haunted but me." He looked suspiciously at Tim. "Say, you're not going to write a story about it, are you? I've got enough trouble with the gossip that's around."

Tim smiled. "It would make a swell story, and perhaps put the column over. No—wait!

"Here's what I mean," Tim explained. "Suppose Flash and I stayed overnight in that place? Then, in the morning we could prove, by picture and word, that there's no such thing as a ghost. If we hear a noise, it might be a blind flapping. We photograph it. Then. . ."

"Say!" Queen's face lighted up. "That's really an idea." He clapped Tim on the shoulder. "If you could do that, son, prove that place is a fine house for somebody, I'd . . . I'd . . ."

"You'd be giving me a fine story," Tim finished. He added: "And what a heading for the column: 'Ask It-Pose It Interviews Ghost That Isn't There.'" He shook hands with Queen. "Give me the keys. Tomorrow night, if it's okay with the chief, I'll do it."

There was one thing about the Clovertown Clarion. Its editor, Edward Macy, knew a story when he saw one. Thus, he fell in readily with Tim's plan. "I intended to send you up to State Prison tomorrow," he said, "to interview Lucky Benson. He used to run this town before the FBI nabbed him on a bank robbery. Tomorrow will be his tenth year in jail, and I thought maybe we could interview him and get some pictures. But this idea of yours has plenty. I'll play it up in the morning edition and the next day you do your story." He grinned. "If you meet the ghost, ask him to do a column for us."

"I'd sooner see Lucky Benson," Flash muttered, "than a ghost." He shook his head. "Maybe you could get him to tell where he hid the money he stole. No one's ever been able to find it."

Next evening, Flash was still worried as he followed Tim through the front door of the old mansion. In Tim's arms was bedding, provided by Mr. Queen, who had assured the reporter there were plenty of beds and other furniture in the house.

Inside, Tim deposited his burden on an old table. Flash watched him nervously. "I don't like this," Flash said. "It's spooky." He jumped as a loud report came into the confines of the musty room.

Tim grinned. "Blinds," he said. "Our first picture. Go outside and find out which one is loose and take a shot of it. We've got plenty of plates and flash bulbs." Smiling, he watched Flash go out. Then, his flashlight swept through the hallway and up the stairs leading to the bedrooms.

Mr. Queen had been right, Tim's inspection showed. The house was really well constructed. It was too bad that superstition kept it from being used.

Wind rattled the windows. Tim, fixing sheets on the old four poster bed, saw the first few drops of rain splatter on the dirty panes. He had intended to open the windows, but now this would be impractical. The mustiness of the rooms would have to be suffered until the rain stopped.

Forked lightning flashed into the room, following a gigantic thunderclap. Flash, his face white, ran upstairs. "We'd better be going home," he chattered. "This is going to be some storm. Come on!"

"Nothing doing," Tim looked at his watch. "I think this is as good a time as any to go to bed." He indicated the bedding. "You can fix your own

bunk. There's a bed in the connecting room."

Something in Tim's voice kept Flash from arguing. He picked up the bedding and went inside. Fifteen minutes later, lying awake in the darkness, Tim heard Flash's snores. He smiled. This was going to be a simple assignment. All he had to do was to stay awake and, in the morning, write the story.

But sleep has a deceptive way of stealing upon one and before Tim knew it, his eyes had closed.

With a start, he awakened. The radium dial on his watch said two o'clock. He had been asleep for hours. The storm had subsided and the house was very still. Even Flash had ceased snoring.

In shirt sleeves, Tim sat on the side of the bed. He felt disgusted with himself for having gone to sleep. Suddenly, his body stiffened, became rigid. Ears attuned to the hallway, Tim sat very still. Had he heard a board creak? He listened intently as the noise was repeated. Then, on tiptoe, he went into the next room and roused Flash.

The other bolted upright in bed, struggling to free himself of the hand Tim had placed over his mouth.

"Sssssh," Tim whispered. "I just heard a noise. Listen."

Both newspapermen held their breath. The noise had changed now, a sort of rhythmic tapping. It filtered upstairs.

"The . . . the . . . ghost. . . ." Flash gasped. His eyes were wide as half dollars.

"Nonsense," Tim whispered. He was surprised to find his voice trembling. "Get your camera set up. We're going to track that down." He shielded the flash with his hand while Flash got ready. Then, stepping cautiously, they went out into the hall, following the progress of the sound.

A door slammed somewhere. Flash started. "I'm . . . I'm . . . making a run for the outside," he said. "This place is really haunted!"

Tim's fingers bit into his arm. "Get a grip on yourself."

The door leading to the big study was open and from it came the tapping noise! Silently, Tim and Flash crept toward it, nerves tense, and looked in.

Tim suppressed a gasp. There was someone in there! A short, stocky someone who was tapping with a chisel against the bricks of the fireplace!

"It's . . . it's the ghost," Flash whispered.

"A pretty live one," Tim returned. "Get the picture while I rush him."

Bright light illuminated the room like a shaft of lightning as Flash's bulb went off. The man at the fireplace whirled to meet Tim's charge. His hand darted to his pocket as Tim tackled him.

A cry came from Flash's throat as somebody struck him violently behind the head, propelling him into the room. He struck the floor heavily. A voice barked: "Get up from there!"

Tim blinked at the flashlight in the man's hand. He had come up behind Flash; he must have been outside. Rough hands pushed Tim. The short, stocky man got to his feet, gasping for breath. "Get up," he said to Tim. There was a gun in his hand.

The other man said: "Where'd these babies come from, Lucky?" He indicated Flash who was sitting up, groaning.

Tim started, looked at the small man. "Lucky?" he gasped. "Lucky Benson? You're supposed to be in prison."

Benson's hand slapped Tim's face. "You're a smart boy," he said. "But you won't be smart long. I broke stir tonight and . . ." He stopped short. "Take care of these two, Joe. I'll get the dough."

"All right, you two. Stand up." Joe's eyes were cold and hostile.

Lucky was removing a brick from the fireplace. Now a satisfied exclamation came from his lips. I've got it all, Joe. Here it is."

Tim's eyes stared incredulously at the packets of greenbacks Benson was taking from

the hiding place. Into his mind came what Flash had said. The missing payroll. All the time it had been hidden in this house! And Benson, breaking jail, had headed here to retrieve it!

Joe spoke up. "What do we do with these two?"

Benson's laugh was ugly. "Kill 'em and leave. Nobody'll find them here." He looked at Flash. "Just what were you two doing in this house anyway? I understood the place was supposed to be haunted."

Flash's teeth chattered as he tried to answer the killer. Joe's eyes turned to him. It was just the opportunity for which Tim had been waiting. His hand flashed behind him. There was a loud report, like a shot!

Crash! Benson whirled, looked toward the door. "Get the other one!" Tim cried to Flash. His body collided with Benson's. Tim's shoulder went up beneath the man's chin. Pain shot through it at the contact. Benson groaned, then slumped to the floor.

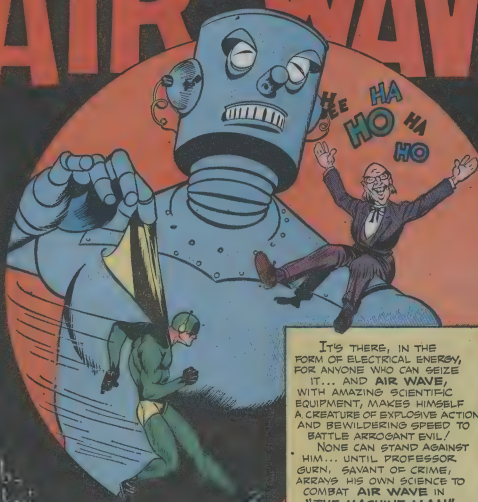
Joe was trying to extricate himself from the tangle of Flash's arms and legs when Tim brought the flashlight down on his head. The gangster's body jerked spasmodically, then was still.

Fifteen minutes later, Flash brought back an excited chief of police, two policemen, and Mr. Queen. The gangsters were securely tied, but murder glowered in their eyes. Mr. Queen slumped into a chair, mopping his moist brow. "I—I— shouldn't have let you boys do it," he said. "You—you might have been killed." His eyes looked around the room, excited. "You didn't find any ghosts?" he whispered.

Tim laughed, helped Flash gather up his equipment. "No," he said. "But you'd better ask Benson." He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a flash bulb. "Benson must have thought he was hearing ghosts when I dropped one of these behind me!"

THE END

AIR WAVE



IT'S THERE, IN THE FORM OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY, FOR ANYONE WHO CAN SEIZE IT... AND AIR WAVE, WITH AMAZING SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, MAKES HIMSELF A CREATURE OF EXPLOSIVE ACTION AND BEWILDERING SPEED TO BATTLE ARROGANT EVIL!

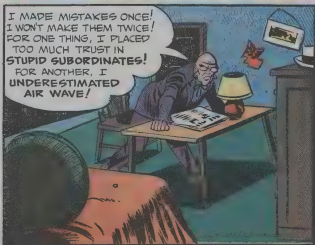
NONE CAN STAND AGAINST HIM... UNTIL PROFESSOR GURN, SAVANT OF CRIME, ARRAYS HIS OWN SCIENCE TO COMBAT AIR WAVE IN "THE MACHINE MAN."

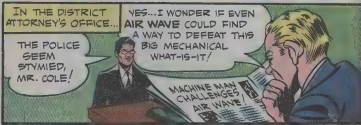
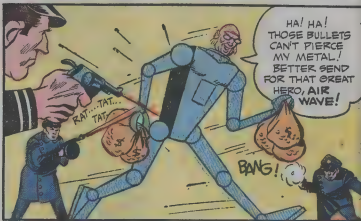
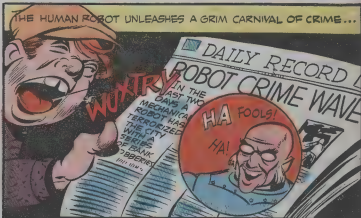
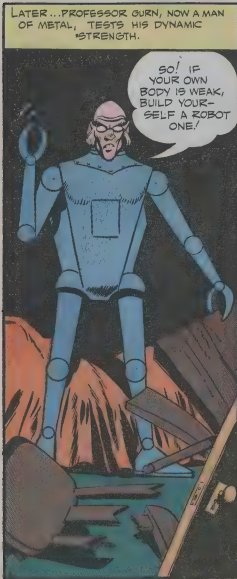
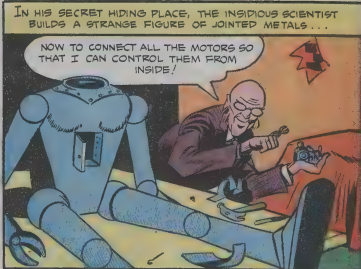
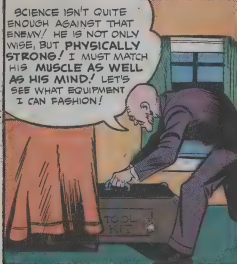
IN A SLUM HIDEOUT, PROFESSOR GURN, RENEGADE SCIENTIST MOCKS THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER!

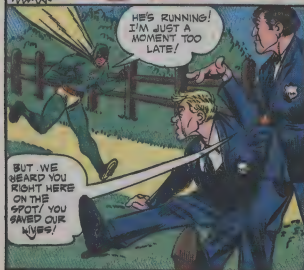
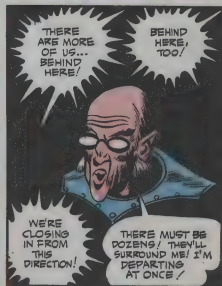
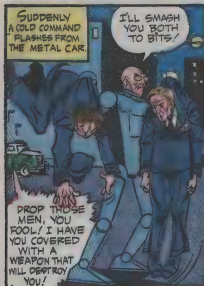
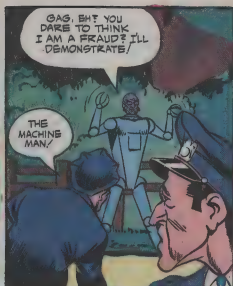
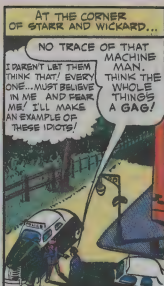


THEY THINK I'M DEAD! I WILL CONVINCE THEM OF THE CONTRARY!

I MADE MISTAKES ONCE! I WON'T MAKE THEM TWICE! FOR ONE THING, I PLACED TOO MUCH TRUST IN STUPID SUBORDINATES! FOR ANOTHER, I UNDERESTIMATED AIR WAVE!



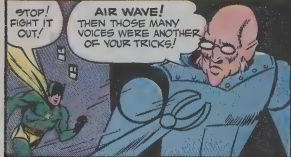




IN A SHORT TIME, AIR WAVE'S ELECTRICAL SKATES OVERTAKE THE GURN.

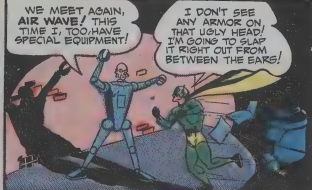
STOP!
FIGHT IT
OUT!

AIR WAVE!
THEN THOSE MANY
VOICES WERE ANOTHER
OF YOUR TRICKS!



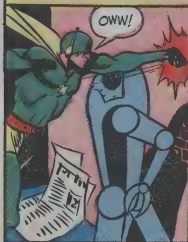
WE MEET AGAIN,
AIR WAVE! THIS
TIME I, TOO, HAVE
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT!

I DON'T SEE
ANY ARMOR ON
THAT UGLY HEAD!
I'M GOING TO SLAP
IT RIGHT OUT FROM
BETWEEN THE EARS!



BUT, LIKE A TURTLE...
PROFESSOR GURN SNAPS BACK
HIS HEAD INSIDE HIS METAL SHELL!

OWW!



NEXT MOMENT, A MIGHTY
ARM SENDS AIR WAVE
SPRAWLING...

DOWN
AND OUT!
NOW I'LL
FINISH
YOU!



BUT AIR WAVE, THOUGH
FALLEN, CLAMPS A WRESTLING
LOCK ON THE HUGE MECHANICAL LEG.

FINISH,
HUH? YOU
HAVEN'T
EVEN
BEGUN,
ON ME!



CLANG

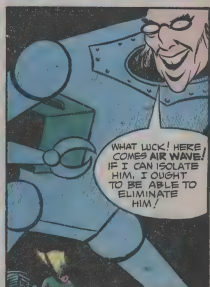
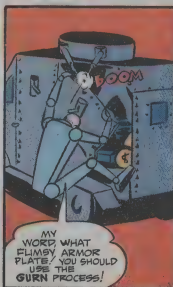
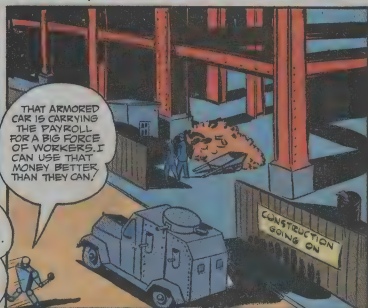
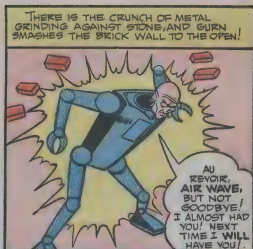
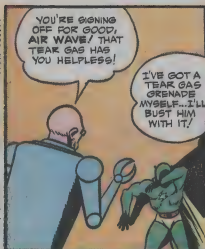
NOW
YOU'RE
DOWN! THAT
MAKES US
EVEN!

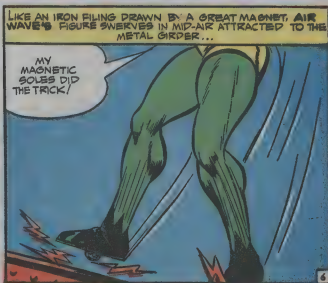
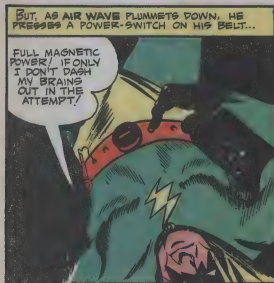
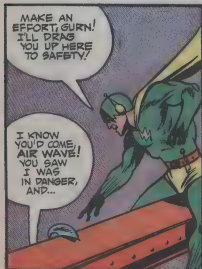


ABRUPTLY, THERE IS THE ANGRY HISS
OF UNLEASHED GAS FROM ONE OF THE
PINCERS IN PROFESSOR GURN'S METAL HAND.

YES! AIR WAVE,
WE'RE EVEN!
BUT WE'RE NOT
QUITS!







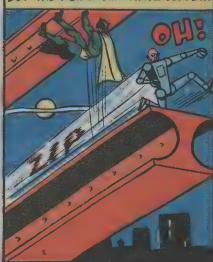
BUT AS GURN MAKES READY TO CONTINUE HIS FLIGHT...



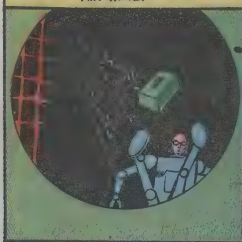
THE ENRAGED PROFESSOR CHARGES!



BUT THE AGILE AIR WAVE LEAPS...



DOWN...DOWN...DOWN...AND GURN MEETS THE SAME FATE HE INTENDED FOR AIR WAVE!



HIS ROBOT CONTRAPTION IS NO MORE...

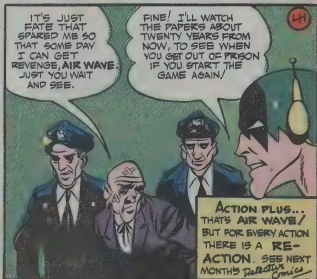


WATCH HIM. HE'S TRICKY.



IT'S JUST FATE THAT SPARED ME SO THAT SOME DAY I CAN GET REVENGE, AIR WAVE. JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.

FINE! I'LL WATCH THE PAPERS ABOUT TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW, TO SEE WHEN YOU GET OUT OF PRISON IF YOU START THE GAME AGAIN!



How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

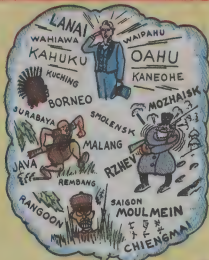
Brother Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff so out of date!

War Geography has got me!
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

Miquelon and Madagascar,
Guam, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf."
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!

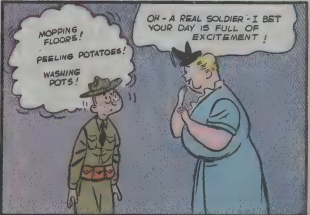
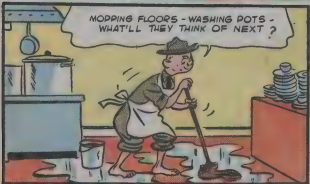


Its coaster brake's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I got from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

Famous for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMSA, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



SLAM BRADLEY

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY
DOG"...

THAT WAS THE MOTTO
OF DUKE DART--THE
BIG SHOT RACKETEER
UNTIL SOMEBODY DID--
TO THE TUNE OF FIFTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS!
IT TOOK SLAM BRADLEY
AND SHORTY MORGAN,
THOSE TWO TROUBLE-
SHOOTING JAW-
SLAPPERS TO UNTANGLE
THE MESS THAT
RESULTED WHEN THEY
FELL INTO THE
BAFFLING...

"MYSTERY of the
Priceless
Pooch"!



PURSUED BY THE THUGS,
THE LITTLE DOG
RECOGNIZES A SYM-
PATHETIC DEFENDER!

I NEVER
SAW
SO
MANY
PEOPLE
WHO DON'T
WANT TO
HIRE A
COUPLE OF
FIRST CLASS
DETECTIVES!

IF WE DON'T
GET A CASE
PRETTY SOON,
I'LL EAT MY
HAT--AND
I MEAN
IT!
**HEY!
LOOK!**

SINCE WHEN
DID THE
DOG -
CATCHER
START
CARRYING
A ROD?

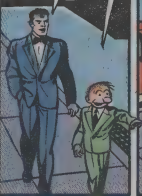
KEEP YOUR
NOSE CLEAN,
SHORT PANTS!
EVEN
THUGS
HAVE
GOT DOGS
THAT
RUN
AWAY!

OKAY,
BUDDY!
NEVER
MIND DE
LOVEY-DOVEY
STUFF!
HAND OVER
DAT POOCH!

JUST A SECOND,
KING KONG! I
DON'T LIKE YOUR
ATTITUDE!

SO YOU DON'T
LIKE OUR
ATTITUDE,
HAH? HOW
DO YOU LIKE
THIS?

I'LL BITE!
HOW DO I
LIKE IT,
IMPETUOUS?



"AND
NEITHER
DOES
POOCHY,
HERE."





THAT'S RIGHT!
BEND OVER AND
GIVE POOCHY A
BITE!

TWO THINGS I
NEVER REFUSE--
A FIGHT OR A
FEE!



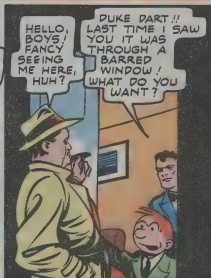
THEY WERE
SOFT. WHAT
ARE YOU
LOOKING
SOUR ABOUT,
SLAM?

SUCH A GOOD
FIGHT--AND WE
CAN'T GET
PAID FOR IT!
COME ON--
LET'S GO
BACK TO THE
OFFICE.



I LEFT POOCHIE
DOWN AT THE
LUNCH ROOM
TO BE FED!
GEE, HE'S A
CUTE DOG,
SLAM.

WHO'S
GOING TO
FEED US?
AND WHY
WERE THOSE
THUGS SO
TOUGH ABOUT
A COMMON
DOG? IF---
SEE WHO'S AT
THE DOOR,
SHORTY!



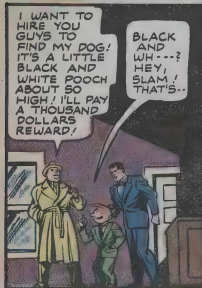
HELLO,
BOYS!
FANCY
SEEING
ME HERE,
HUH?

DUKE PART!!
LAST TIME I SAW
YOU IT WAS
THROUGH A
BARRED
WINDOW!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



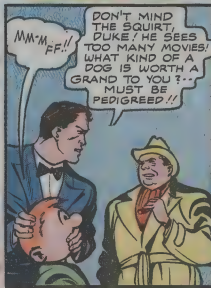
HA! HA!
ALWAYS
CLOWNIN',
I THOUGHT YOU
AIN'T YUH,
SLAM?!
I CAME TO HIRE
YOU TWO BOYS
ON A LEGITIMATE
CASE!

I MUST HAVE MY
EARS EXAMINED!
I THOUGHT YOU
SAID "HIRE US
ON A CASE",
AND IF IT'S
LEGITIMATE,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH IT?



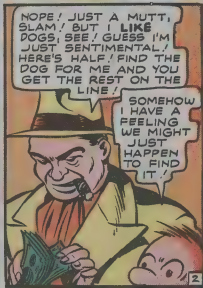
I WANT TO
HIRE YOU
GUYS TO
FIND MY DOG!
IT'S A LITTLE
BLACK AND
WHITE POOCH
ABOUT SO
HIGH, I'LL PAY
A THOUSAND
DOLLARS
REWARD!

BLACK
AND
WH---?
HEY,
SLAM!
THAT'S...



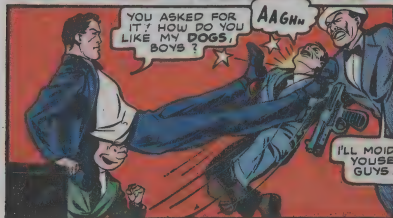
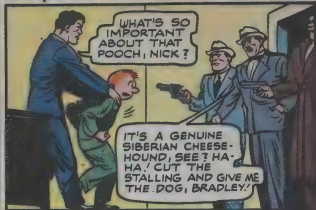
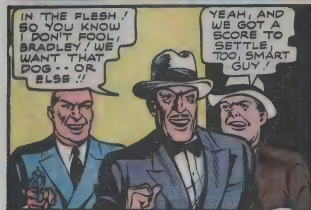
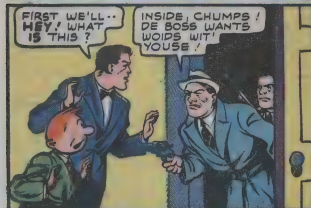
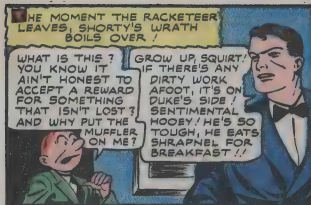
MM-M
FF!!

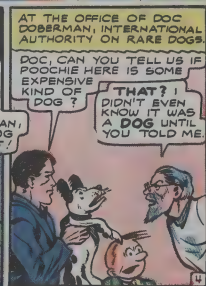
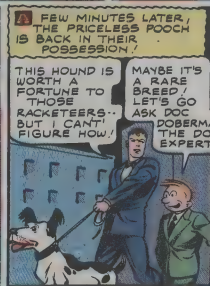
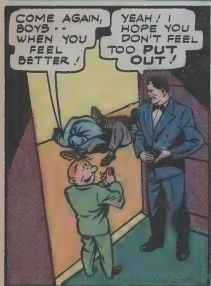
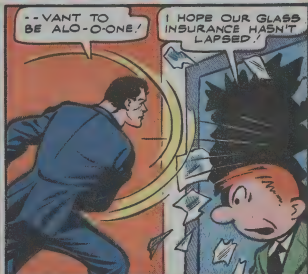
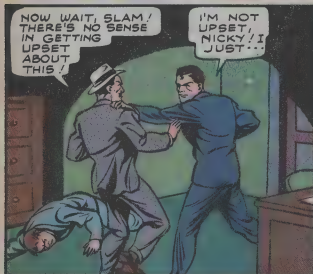
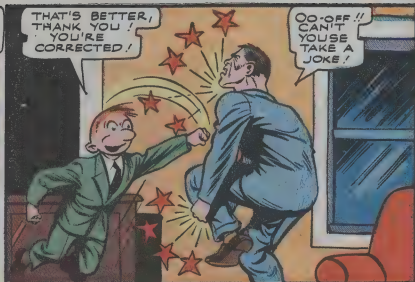
DON'T MIND
THE SQUIRT,
DUKE! HE SEES
TOO MANY MOVIES!
WHAT KIND OF A
DOG IS WORTH A
GRAND TO YOU?--
MUST BE
PEDIGREED!!



NOPE! JUST A MUTT,
SLAM! BUT I LIKE
DOGS, SEE! GUESS I'M
JUST SENTIMENTAL!
HERE'S HALF! FIND THE
DOG FOR ME AND YOU
GET THE REST ON THE
LINE!

SOMEHOW
I HAVE A
FEELING
WE MIGHT
JUST
HAPPEN TO
FIND
IT!





STUMPED AGAIN !
WHY SHOULD
THAT MUTT BE
WORTH ALL
THIS FUSS ?

MAYBE IT KNOWS
WHERE THE BODY'S
HIDDEN OR SOME-
THING, SLAM !

LITTLE MAN, I
BELIEVE YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING
THERE ; YOU'VE
GIVEN ME AN
IDEA !

OUCH ! AND YOU'VE
JUST GIVEN ME
A BLACK AND
BLUE SPOT !

INSPECTOR, THIS
IS SLAM BRADLEY !
HAS DUKE DART
BEEN MIXED UP
IN ANYTHING
BIG LATELY ?

WE THINK SO ! WE'VE
BEEN TRYING TO PIN
A FIFTY-THOUSAND
DOLLAR BOND THEFT
ON HIM BUT WE CAN'T
LOCATE THE LOOT !

COME ON, MIRACLE
MAN ! UNWITTINGLY,
YOU'VE PROBABLY
HANDLED THE
BRADLEY-MORGAN
AGENCY A JUICY
CASE !

DON'T MIND ME !
I EVEN THOUGHT
WE ALREADY
HAD A
CASE !

PRESCRIPTION

CAN YOU STOP
MUMBLING TO
YOURSELF LONG
ENOUGH TO
TELL ME WHERE
WE'RE GOING !

TO BUY A
PORK CHOP
AND UPSET
SOME
APPLECARTS !

THAT'S NICK RAUS'S
HEADQUARTERS DOWN
THERE ! YOU DRAG THE
CHOP PAST
THERE AND
MAKE SURE
NOBODY SEES
YOU ! WAIT IN
THE TAXI !

OKAY, PAL ! IF THE
BUTTERFLY SQUAD
DOESN'T PUT ME IN
A STRAIGHT-
JACKET
FIRST !

GO GET
IT, BOY !
FOLLOW
THAT
PORK
CHOP !

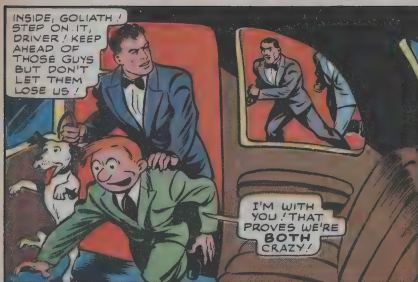
BOW-
WOW !!
WOWWOORER !

AS SLAM HAD HOPED, HIS MAD DASH
IS DISCOVERED BY ALIEN EYES !

LOUDER, TOOTS !
PRETEND YOU'RE
A BLOODHOUND !

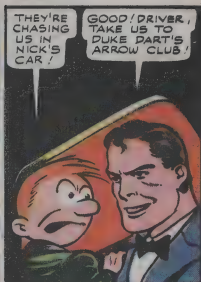
WOOF !
WOW-
WOW !!

NICK ! LOOK !
HE'S GOT DE
POOCH !!



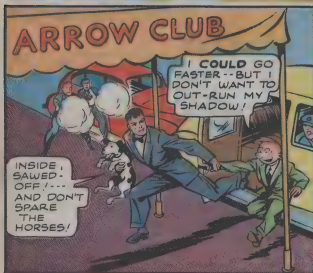
INSIDE, GOLIATH!
STEP ON IT,
DRIVER! KEEP
AHEAD OF
THOSE GUYS
BUT DON'T
LET THEM
LOSE US!

I'M WITH
YOU! THAT
PROVES WE'RE
BOTH
CRAZY!



THEY'RE
CHASING
US IN
NICK'S
CAR!

GOOD! DRIVER,
TAKE US TO
DUKE PART'S
ARROW CLUB!



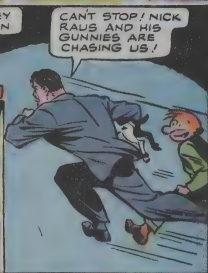
ARROW CLUB

I COULD GO
FASTER--BUT I
DON'T WANT TO
OUT-RUN MY
SHADOW!

INSIDE,
SAWED-
OFF!---
AND DON'T
SPARE
THE
HORSES!



IT'S BRADLEY
AND MORGAN
WITH THE
DOG!

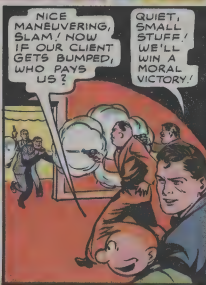


CAN'T STOP! NICK
RAUS AND HIS
GUNNIES ARE
CHASING US!



THAT
CHISELER!
WE'LL
TAKE
CARE
OF HIM!

FINE! WE'LL
WAIT IN THE
BACK WITH
THE DOG!



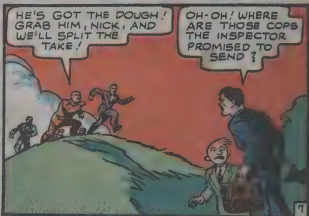
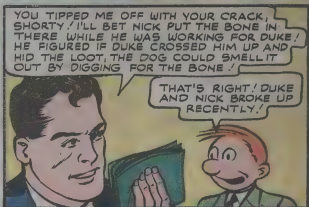
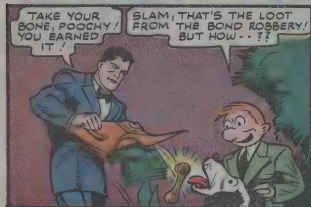
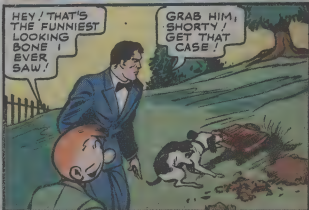
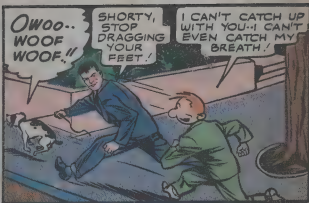
NICE
MANEUVERING,
SLAM! NOW
IF OUR CLIENT
GETS BUMPED,
WHO PAYS
US?

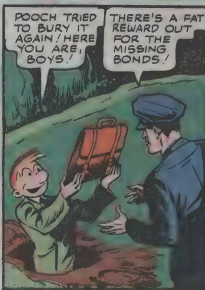
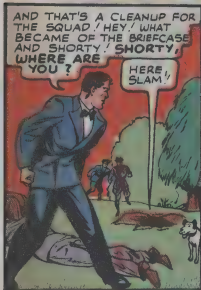
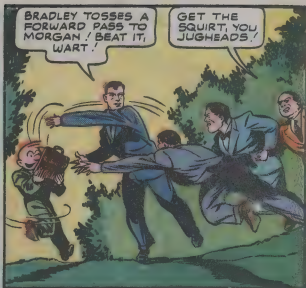
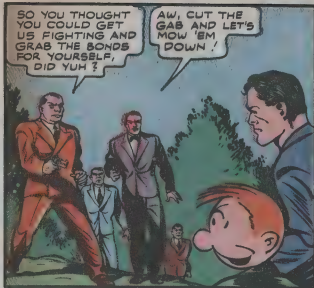
QUIET,
SMALL
STUFF!
WE'LL
WIN A MORAL
VICTORY!



HEY, I
WANT
TO
WATCH
THE
SCRAP!

COME ON! I
GUARANTEE
POOCHY'LL
LEAD US TO
A BETTER
ONE!





**ADVENTURE
THRILLS
ACTION!**



**LOOK
FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!**

NOW ON SALE

PRESENTING
the New DAISY

DEFENDER

**1000-
SHOT
MILITARY
MODEL**

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

Featuring

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming) ★
- ★ DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down) ★
- ★ AUTOMATIC BOLT-ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on) ★
- ★ FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE ★
- ★ LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds) ★
- ★ OVAL STOCK—WALNUT FINISH

FREE! Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent FREE. Write now!



Get the Famous **RED RYDER** Saddle CARBINE

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—RED RYDER'S picture, signature and Horse "Thunder" branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

\$3



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DAISY AIR RIFLES

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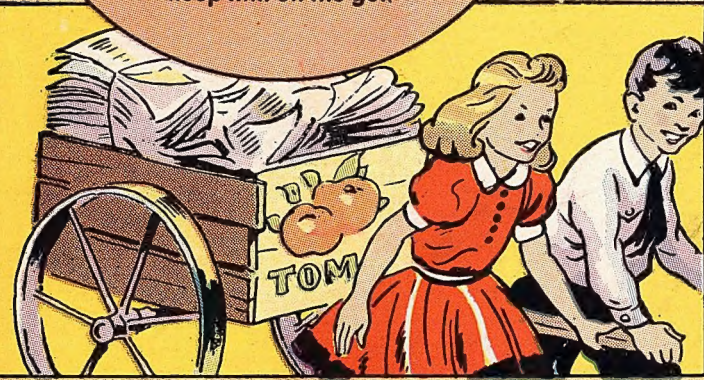
THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go..



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every class-mate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



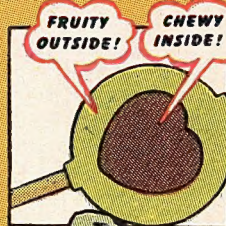
UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY
ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢

SCANNING
SUPERSCAN